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**A N A P O L O G Y**  
**FOR**  
**L O R D B Y R O N.**  
**WITH**  
**M I S C E L L A N E O U S P O E M S.**

**PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY,  
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.**

A N A P O L O G Y

FOR

L O R D B Y R O N.

WITH

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

STEPHEN PRENTIS, A. M.

OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

F



L O N D O N :

JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

M D C C C X X X V I .

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## P R E F A C E

TO

### P A R T I. O F T H E A P O L O G Y.

---

IN submitting this — the mere sample, as it were, of what, with encouragement, may ultimately prove a long—poem to the few, the very few, who, at this adverse season of poetical surfeit and political excitement, may still be induced, from interest in the author, or curiosity about his subject, to honour my humble rhymes with a perusal, I beg to disavow, distinctly and at once, every, even the slightest, covert design against the sacred cause of religion and morality. God forbid, that I, or any other man, should, by a Christian-seening depreciation of censure, throw a gloss upon the errors of a brother sinner,

and, in the clothing of the sheep, steal like a wolf into the fold ! That my ability to harm, supposing me so minded, would be little, I am happy to acknowledge ; but I wish to disclaim the *animus* itself.

Why, then, have I ventured on an *Apology*\* for Lord Byron ?

Simply, because I know of no character, which—looking, without prejudice, at his inauspicious parentage—his spoilt infancy—his weedy boyhood—his neglected youth—his affection, blighted by disappointment—his marriage, clouded by uncongeniality—his station, negatived by need—his hereditary spirit, exasperated by a fiercely poetical temperament—no counsellor, to point the path to virtue—no friend, to shelter indiscretion from its own most mischievous effect, viz. that froward and precipitate pride, which, because folly was uncharitably construed

\* The gist of the poem hitherto, I trust, will exonerate me from the charge of having used the word *Apology* in its blame-denying and blame-defying acceptation of *Defence*.

into fault, in the first instance, seems determined, that fault shall unmistakeably magnify itself into vice, in the last — looking at all this, I say, I know of no character, which, *in its degree*, admits of more palliatives, or calls for more pity, than one, like Byron's, the breath of whose being was passion, and whose passion was volcano.

Besides, of what inconsistent ingratitude has the world not been guilty, in respect to that singular and singularly-gifted man? With *Self*, so glowingly portrayed on each successive canvass of his poetic easel, whose shadowing creations, *on that very account*, were gazed at with unexampled avidity, the too-faithful artist, nevertheless, has been abused and blackened, banned and banished, in every imaginable way. Oh! commend me to that reasoning righteousness, which would consecrate the copy, and excommunicate the original; idolize the golden image, and spit at Nebuchadnezzar!

That his heroes (so to speak) were himself melodrama-

tized—that himself was culpable—and that the philosophy, (?) which pervades his writings, is of a most unhealthy nature and a most deleterious taste, I candidly avouch ; but, while I thus qualify, on the one hand, the world's unqualified opinion of the *author*, I crave permission, on the other, to qualify, no less, its unqualified opinion of the *man*.

“ *Homo sum : nil humanum à me alienum puto.*”

To which may I add

“ *Et Ego in Arcadiâ fui ?*”

Behold, then, my double motive in advocating so invidious a cause.

For the performance itself, it has been, and will be, my endeavour to lay open the inmost secrets of the poetical temperament, as existing in *him*, and thence to trace his Lordship's moral and intellectual strength and weakness : the fervid inspirations of genius, which raised him to an Apollo, and their listless re-action, which sunk him to a Bacchanal : the humours, which made him a cynic, and the outbreaks, which made him a scape-goat.

In its present stage, however, and to the many of the few, the poem may appear—in its matter, too obscure\*—in its manner, too desultory—in its drift, too undefined. To such I say: “there’s method in its madness,” and “the end is not yet.” They, to whom it is more particularly offered, will at once (at least, I hope so) see and seize its subtle connexion of subject.

Πολλά μοι δπ' ἀγκῶ-  
νος ὀκέα βέλη  
“Ἐνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας  
Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς  
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν, ἐρμηνέων  
Χατίζει.

PINDAR, ii. Olymp. 149.

The stanzas upon Woman, again,—are they a diatribe against the sex in general? By no means. The satire is

\* The fear of whither they might lead me, in a volume of miscellanies, and, still more, of how far the prose might anticipate the verse, has prevented me from giving—the, perhaps, *necessary*—notes. Should, however, “The Apology” (a mere *fasli*, as it now is,) be cheered on to a conclusion, I promise both my readers and myself the justice of then publishing its requisite annotations entire, in a way, and on terms, of which they will have no reason to complain. *In the interim*, the quality and the quantity of the minor poems, I trust, will, in each successive instance, as it may be, prove an indemnification for the disjointed putting-forth of its respective parts.

directed against that unworthy portion of it, who make the acute susceptibilities of a young, ardent, all-trusting, and all-giving dreamer the plaything of their selfish coquetry, thus endangering, in after life, his chances of domestic happiness by ungracious recollections, temper-trying spleen, and mischievous distrust. From this, the heart's untimely overthrow, it walks, as it were, through “The Valley of The Shadow of Death.” Though pride may have shut it out from the “Confessions” of too many a bard, we may rest assured, that some early and irradicable disgust of the kind was at the bottom of the misogyny, which lent its resentful tone to their sweeping condemnation of the sex.

But to have done with this preamble. I can only beg of my critics, be they of what complexion they may, that, in such strictures, as my palpable defects must inevitably suggest and provoke, they will “*nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*” To be wantonly severe, even with the pen of a ready writer, is to be, at best, but a literary savage ; while,—for withholding the due animadversions,

—if, in common spirit, I could desire, how, in common justice, could I expect it? since, wherever I may have wished to strike upon the minds of others the flashing impress of my own feeling, such *feeling* alas! has been checked and blocked and baffled and broken by *words*; showing, that though the *former*, like the lightning of Heaven, may be winged with a capacity to reach to the uttermost verge of thought, the *latter* bear but too corresponding a resemblance to those “cold obstructions” of earth, which arrest its vivid path, and jag it into nothing.

I, at least,—if disposed to curry mercy—might, in reference to the present composition, brief although it be, well apply to myself the beautiful language of Solomon, and say :

“ For the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weigheth down the mind, that thinketh upon many things.”

But—to tell truth—I have no sort of inclination, on *any* score, to intercede for my Muse, whose fledgeling wing, as

will be seen, has been glad to profit by whatever random stay she may have met with, in her fluttering, yet daring, flight, through an exposed and craggy tract. Another season, perchance, may accustom her plume to the rushing air of the rock, and her eye to the shadowless darting of the sun.

## THE AUTHOR.

*Ealing, May, 1836.*

AN  
A P O L O G Y  
FOR  
L O R D B Y R O N.

—  
P A R T I.

A



AN

A P O L O G Y

FOR

L O R D B Y R O N.

—  
P A R T I.

It is not to acquire a brazen fame,  
And plead for immorality, that I  
Would of the world its loth forgiveness claim  
For one, who made that world his enemy,  
And, now that he doth unoffending lie,  
Would fain erase, yet not arraign, I trust,  
The sentence of the upright, nor deny  
The judgement of such judges to be just,  
Though register'd at last against a heap of dust.

Nor is it from behind an alien shield  
Life's decent duties stealthily to wound,  
Too mean, forsooth, to risk the open field,  
Like him at Troy, who, while he shower'd round  
Dishonest death, ignoble safety found  
In Ajax—no, 'tis never thus to smite  
Each social obligation to the ground,  
Which, arm'd with all the panoply of right,  
Would crush my quiver'd wit in unassisted fight.

I seek but only this—to guard the dead ;  
Or where alas ! unable to defend  
From blame, a palliative plea to spread,  
And human weakness for a veil extend  
O'er human error, (so the earth doth lend  
Its kindred cloak to cover other earth)  
That e'en in me may Byron own a friend,  
And faults, that sprang from genius or his birth,  
Be mantled by my lay, which else were nothing worth.

---

Now am I happy ! happy as a lover,  
At last alighting where his love doth rest,  
The irksome stages of his journey over,  
And hush'd the loud impatience of his breast,  
That throb'd for home, and panted to be press'd  
To its fast-beating fellow, and outpour  
The eloquence of rapture, which, at best,  
Is, till the first mute tenderness be o'er,  
An interrupted gush of joy, and nothing more.

So, with deep thoughts, that would, but cannot tell  
Their own intensity, and vainly strive  
In soaring jets to leave their silent well,  
I in the presence of my theme arrive,  
And, dead in words, from feelings too alive,  
Where I the object of my care unnerv'd  
Had hop'd to meet, and fluently to shrive  
My bosom, how from their warm purpose swerv'd  
My cold confessions seem ! how labour'd and reserv'd !

And yet awhile bear with me, Ye ! the few,  
Whose microscopic gaze these lines may scan,  
Nor deal too harshly by a name as new  
As his to fame, when 's rhyming boyhood ran  
The gauntlet of the criticising clan,  
Whose tender mercies spar'd him—when he bled !  
Yet kiss'd he not the rod, but straight began  
To whirl the lash of satire over-head,  
Repay them stripe for stripe, and grow of them the dread.

There men might read his nature.—From his birth,  
Sole eaglet of an ancient aëry,  
Untainted by the rookeries of earth,  
'Twas his to breathe a more exalted sky,  
So rife, howe'er, with want, that poverty  
His heart had warp'd, ere pride could learn to bear it,  
And hence his quick, resentful jealousy,  
For all his sire had left him to inherit  
Was his wild plume and his indomitable spirit.

His nest, I say, was on the barren height,  
His moody nurse the wilful mother-bird,  
Who, now estrang'd by some connubial slight,  
And now as madly fond, but rarely stirr'd  
From her spoilt charge—for solace in her lord  
She never had, nor aid, nor hope, nor joy,  
Nor he a father's kind endearments heard,  
But both by him had suffer'd huge annoy,  
His unsubmissive mate and eagle-hearted boy.

Why marvel, then, that, summon'd from his rock,  
—(Since who through life an eremite can pass,  
Where each was meant to share the social shock,  
And link the hand, and feel the thrilling brass?)—  
The clinging consciousness of what he was,  
Ere fortune had unveil'd a blander star,  
Should still have kept, at variance with the mass,  
His morbid sensibilities ajar,  
And made society more solitary far

Than solitude, so titled, if, in sooth,  
To people a creation of his own  
With the fine shapes of his romantic youth,  
To hover round his visionary throne,  
And do his bidding, was to be alone !

—He herded with humanity, and there  
Saw his live dreams to blushing atoms blown,  
While, for his globe of ornamented air,  
The real world appear'd, substantial, plain, and bare !

The poesy of Youth 's a lovely thing,  
And harmless unto Youth, in that it flies  
Before th' approach of Manhood, as the Spring  
At Summer's coming gradually dies,  
When May, watch'd over by his ardent eyes,  
Prints her last kiss upon the brow of June,  
And into his her azure being sighs,  
While he doth gain a radiance from her boon,  
Less dazzling but more deep, like star-light from the Moon.

The poesy of Youth 's a lovely thing,  
And harmless unto Youth ; but ah ! the youth  
Of poets unto poets is a sting,  
Of pow'r more deadly than the adder's tooth,  
More sharp and inaccessible to ruth,  
Since *this* within one pang-curtailing hour  
Kills the mere frame at best, while *that* subdu'th  
With woe prolong'd the spirit more and more,  
And eats into its depth, and preys upon its core,

Depositing the blight of bitter grief  
In the sweet bud of human happiness,  
Whose lurking canker menaces the leaf  
Of the fair blossom, and the fruit no less,  
And, though the rind may wear a specious dress,  
And carry a gold seeming, ripe and firm,  
Still rots and riots in its close recess,  
Playing the part of any other worm,  
Till the poor hollow heart is gone before its term.

And such the youth of poets is, and such  
The doom upon the youthful poet pass'd,  
To inly waste at the corroding touch  
Of the soul's mildew, gender'd by the blast,  
That cometh from the east,—since what, at last,  
Is our incipient nature but a sky,  
Whose passions with the winds may well be class'd,  
Since, from whatever quarter they may hie,  
According to their point, they check or fructify ?

As baneful gall of lavish honey, so  
Of good abus'd may ill itself be made ;  
As flowers their faintness to their odour owe,  
Is weakness by imagination bred ;  
As fails the vine, too much at random spread  
Unprun'd affections but to ruin run ;  
As votive lambs bore garlands on the head,  
Skipping to death, and proud to be undone,  
The Muse's victim wooes his shadow in the sun

Of sentimental Friendship, such as burn'd  
I' th' schoolboy's beau-ideal, charm'd to fall  
In the dear stead of Damon, unreturn'd  
To pay his forfeit life, and steel'd to all  
Save the dark tyrant's cold sarcastic call  
For one, who, nathless, like a whirlwind swept  
The plain, to snatch his Pythias from thrall,  
And off his steed, and through the thousands leapt,  
And rush'd into his arms, and on his bosom wept.

Then lureth Love's intoxicating folly,  
And they, that mix this philtre of the brain,  
Be Idleness, Romance, and Melancholy,  
Of whom the first begets the other twain,  
Filling the head with dreams, the heart with pain,  
Which, without Idleness, had harass'd ne'er  
The millions, that have hop'd—but hop'd in vain—  
Their unidea'd hours with Love to cheer,  
As if his sadd'ning cup had ever staunch'd a tear !

Yet of that cup, all sadd'ning as it was,  
And ever is, and will for ever be,  
Soon as thy glowing youth had met alas !  
The supervening shadow of that She,  
—Thy planet, and thy moral destiny,—  
The all thou *wast*, and, had thy fate ordain'd,  
The all thou *might' st have been*—how wilfully  
Thou drankest on and on, till naught remain'd  
Save sediment therein, so quickly was it drain'd,

Byron ! by thy self-aggravating thirst,  
While reason felt as drunkards in a room,  
Whose floor seems heaving like a deck—(the worst  
Sign of ebbriety's confusing fume,  
Where all is upside down, and things assume  
Strange shapes, and e'en a very word will smite  
The sot to earth, and torpor doth inhume  
The understanding in oblivion quite,  
Beyond the reach of sense, sensation, sound, and sight).—

Thou drankest on and on, and she, that held

(The girlish Hebe of a beardless Jove)

The chalice to thy lips, herself repell'd

The thirst herself inspir'd, or only strove

To feign the fever in her sport, that drove

Thy thoughts to madness, which in time she learn'd

Of one she lov'd, but ne'er could teach to love,

Albe't to him, as thou to her, she turn'd

Her suppliant looks—for what?—as thou wert—to be  
spurn'd.

Though eyes thou hadst, thou could'st not see the spell

Of Love was working upon thee alone—

Though ears thou hadst, thou could'st not hear the knell

Of Love was tolling in her laughing tone—

—(Unhappy they, to whom such ease is shown!)—

Though heart thou hadst, thou could'st not comprehend

Why she the hopes and fears should ne'er have known

Of Love, but call'd thee (how such names offend!)

Her playmate and her boy, her brother and her friend.

Thou drankest on and on, till naught was left  
Save noxious dregs and deleterious lees—  
A mind unfix'd, of steady purpose reft—  
A bosom, heated with false sympathies,  
Then chilly from their sweat—the agonies  
Of disappointment—and a passion thwarted,  
Which nothing more could satisfy or please,  
For one, away that like a vision darted,  
No sooner seen than lov'd—no sooner lov'd than parted—  
  
No sooner parted than for ever vanish'd—  
No sooner vanish'd than for ever wept—  
A sprite unlaid—a memory unbanish'd—  
A dark idea, that for ever kept  
Its watch—a sentinel, that never slept—  
A wakeful consciousness—a busy curse—  
A melancholy visiter, that stept  
Into thy gayest mood, and deck'd thy verse  
With trappings of the grave—the hangings of a hearse.

The heart can *love* but once,—the reckless heart,  
That rashly risks its all of weal and woe  
Upon a single cast, nor knows the art  
To coolly regulate its betting so  
As to be *safe* at least, whate'er the throw ;  
—(If such may be, where Woman is the stake)—  
But this thou knewest not, nor deign'dst to know,  
Thinking, a gambler in thy teens, to make  
Thy fortune at a game, where older players break.—

Whoe'er would win a woman,—young,—refin'd,—  
Ingenuously fond,—innately true,—  
Pure as the snow, whereon alone the wind  
Its soilless foot doth set—whose cheek ne'er knew  
A conscious tint, intenser than the hue,  
Which the enamour'd Sun bequeaths to those  
Chaste tops at eve, he sought the long day through  
To melt with his warm passion, and bestows  
On their immaculate white the blushes of the rose—

Let him—as open as the flow'r in May,  
Which all its scented story doth unfold  
To the sweet south, that thereabouts doth stray  
And listen, while the odorous tale is told—  
No budding hope (if innocent) withhold,  
Her smiles the sunshine, and her tears the rain,  
That foster what they fall on, and embold  
His timid lips, as lilies of the plain  
Unbosom to the spring their bashfulness again.

Yet here warn I against too grave a mood,  
But bid him dash his strain of tenderness  
With notes of glee, for Woman, e'en when woo'd,  
Is girlish still, and ever more or less  
Partial to mirth, nor likes the quaker dress  
Of one eternal brown upon the face.  
(To this what shallow coxcombs owe success,  
Who oft, with confidently gay grimace,  
Philosophers outwit, and slip into their place !)

There should his heart (alas ! why *will* it not ?)  
Drop anchor, and eschew for ever more  
The dangers of the deep, and bless the lot,  
That proffers *such* a port on *such* a shore !  
But good like this will seldom man adore,  
Preferring thankless bickerings and strife  
To gratitude and peace, nor, plodding o'er  
His pilgrimage, confess a cheering wife  
To be like manna in the wilderness of life.—

Whoe'er would win a woman, that in her  
Sole self's the sex at large, whose *general*  
Characteristic is no character—  
The creature of convention, and of small  
Observances a great observer—all  
Things at all times, yet walking in a file—  
Like poetasters, unoriginal—  
Aping each flitting fashion of each while,  
Still uniform in thought, though multiform in style—

Let him, the Proteus to her Circe, meet  
Capriciousness with change, or, like the wise  
Ulysses, by his steadiness defeat  
Her quick evasions, in whatever guise,  
Nor weakly in her wailings sympathize,  
When she herself discomfited shall find,  
Nor heed the weeping anger of her eyes,  
Till, mildly firm and resolutely kind,  
The lover shall have bent the mistress to his mind.—

Whoe'er would win a woman, full of sleights,  
—That heartless circumventer of the heart—  
Soon as her ready lure to love invites,  
Let him, as perfect in his subtle part,  
Affect the easy dupe unto her art,  
—The promis'd victim of her selfish snare—  
But, ere the net close o'er him, let him start  
Up from his sham credulity, and there  
His knowledge of her aim half hide and half declare,

Then seem as unsuspectingly secure  
As ever, but, as ever, shun surprize,  
Leaving a *doubt* (sure method to make sure  
Of Woman's love, for *doubt* the 'ginning is  
Of *interest*,\* and *interest*, I wis,  
Is *Woman's love in ambush*) whether he  
Be fool'd or fooling—in a word, let his  
Undevious line of devious conduct be  
A well-premeditated inconsistency—

—A game at loose and fast—a tissue of  
Concerted contradictions—frost and fire—  
Ardour aforethought and prepense rebuff—  
And now let *reason* rule, and now *desire*,  
That so her mind and person may inspire  
Seraphic thoughts and carnal influence,  
For these sublunar goddesses require  
Of such, as to their favour lay pretence,  
To appetize their charms and venerate their sense.—

\* i. e. That insidious feeling, which, in such a woman (for even *she*—played on, as she *is*, or *may be*, by her own vanity and vanity-impelled curiosity—is liable to love,) will, if judiciously humoured, be certain to entrap her with its tender speculations. "How interesting he is!" En avant, mon ami!—a word to the wise is enough.

Ah ! Woman ! Woman ! fair but fatal thing !  
The last device of Nature, and the first  
Of all her fine contrivances to bring  
Nature to shame, when that Great Worm, accurst,  
With glozing craft provok'd thy sexual thirst  
For fruit forbidden, tempting thee to eat  
Whereon grew sin and death—nor there the worst,  
Since thou, a tempter in thy turn, could'st cheat  
Man, by the self-same sin, the self-same death to meet.

Thus early tutor'd by the Serpent's wile,  
And only not the foremost to deceive,  
With heav'n-born charms enhanc'd by Satan's guile,  
Thou more-than-ever fascinating Eve !  
Where 's the wise Adam, that can unbeliev  
Thy falsities, his easy credence suing,  
Or when thy siren welcome thou dost weave,  
With human wrecks the shore around thee strewing,  
Thou warbling, wheedling, winding, witching, winning  
ruin !

Who can withstand thee ?—thee, that to withstand  
Were to be more than mortal or be less !  
The flashing thrill of whose electric hand  
What lightning but its own could e'er express ?—  
Whose eye, at will, (though longing to digress  
With giddy glances, that might mar its aim)  
Puts on a look of dove-like tenderness  
And concentrated truth, to nurse the flame  
Of some self-hugging fool, whose folly is thy fame !

—An enviable fame ! the which to grasp,  
What matter how thy character may bleed ?  
Or what to thee the venom of the asp,  
That watches at the root, so thou succeed  
To balk another of the showy weed,  
And view a rival's hated triumph cross'd ?  
Yea ! what to thee, though honour at the deed  
May smart, or female dignity be lost,  
As if such trophies were too dear at any cost !

And such thy sway, that, e'en where, void of art,  
Thou merely smil'st, thou still awakenest  
That tempest-teeming element, the heart,  
Like summer gales, that break the Ocean's rest  
After a calm, and, dimpling on his breast  
Their breezy stamp, intended but to warm  
His sleep, vex more and more his rising crest,  
Till lo ! he wields, with ridgy front deform,  
His thunderbolt of waves, and hurls them in a storm !

And thou, the cause, dost turn on the effect  
A mien, so mildly innocent, that who  
Beside thy harass'd victim, would suspect  
In thee the author of this wild ado ?  
The bird, which superstitious seamen rue,  
Whose coming, as they say, the whirlwinds wait,  
Ere yet they lash to foam the boundless blue,  
Not marks the angry hubbub more sedate  
Than thou the stir, which thy mere presence doth create.

Whate'er thy station—or where'er thy clime—  
Or high or low—the west world or the east—  
The same in ev'ry place—at ev'ry time—  
Or nurtur'd in a palace or the least  
Cabin—hath never yet thy influence ceas'd  
O'er lord or lover, ruling with thine eyes  
Proud kings, or boors, no better than the beast,  
Curbing with tears, and managing with sighs,  
Till thou the restive slaves at last dost civilize !

Then if, as in that dainty legend told,  
Thou whilom could'st the ideot Cymon teach  
His buds of latent reason to unfold,  
And humanize his voice with meaning speech,  
And urge his mind to powers beyond the reach  
Of prone and unprogressive instinct—hope—  
Ambition—emulation—all and each  
Of loftier aim and more extended scope  
Than the earth-wedded flesh—if thou, indeed, could'st ope

His thitherto shut senses to the spring  
(Like flowers that face the north) of tardy love,  
What time the booby, in his wandering,  
By chance surpriz'd thee sleeping in a grove,  
A bed of turf beneath thee, and, above,  
A canopy of branches, and, around,  
A curtain of their leafy verdure wove,  
To hide thee from the noontide, that still found  
Thy sweet siesta out, conducted by the sound  
  
Of tittle-tattle waters to thy pillow,  
And kiss'd upon thy cheek its stealthy dew  
In tiny drops, while, whiter than the bellow,  
That heaves unto the moon, thy bosom threw  
Its sheen into the air, which caught the hue,  
As glad to halo so divine a saint,  
Yet circle such a breast of beauty too,  
—A breast, whose gentle respiration faint  
Seem'd in a kindred tone that quiet grove to paint ;

For all was touch'd with slumber, save the rill,  
Whose sleepy fret but hinder'd it from sleep,  
Like infancy o'ertir'd, or where the hill  
O'erheard the silver fall of music leap  
From copse to copse, adown the tuneful steep,  
Bathing each bush with its melodious spray—  
Oh ! if to truths delicious, new, and deep,  
As there young Iphigene before him lay,  
Dull Cymon woke at last, and gaz'd the fool away,

Revolving, as he gaz'd, in dazzled awe,  
—(The Lazarus of Nature from his tomb)—  
The spell he felt—the miracle he saw—  
His rais'd-up senses, with their strong perfume  
Of recent death—and thy evoking bloom,  
Which loos'd with life the cerements of his brain,  
And let it go, and bade the soil assume  
Its kindness, and crop the waste with grain,  
And smother up the weeds, that never grew again—

How, how should one, from childhood overfraught  
With soul, the dear contagion of thy face  
So earnestly have woo'd, and not have caught  
The deep disease, exhaling from its grace  
And beauty, making Man both time and place  
Forget, and, blind to all things but thine eyes,  
Himself alas ! so oft and far debase,  
As at thy shrine to even sacrifice  
Decorum's decent laws and Hymen's holy ties ?

I heed nor hear, appeal nor sue to them,  
The stern of purpose or the cold in blood,  
—Iron or ice—but oh ! e'er You condemn,  
Ye Wise, consider Solomon ! Ye Good,  
Remember him, that in the presence stood  
Of Nathan, and above his dying child  
Shed tears as hot as Geyser's fountain-flood !  
Ye Great, reflect, since Sampson was beguil'd,  
On what uxorious dupes have what Dalilas smil'd !—

*Love*—the bright focus of all human fires ;  
The centre of the soul's circumference ;  
And sun of the heart's system, whose desires  
Its planets be, that move in the intense  
Air of its glowing sky, and borrow thence  
The lustre they repay in kindred light,  
Like filial stars, that shine in the immense  
Court of their father-deity by night,  
When he from dazzled earth awhile withdraws his sight—

*Love*,—to the staid, well-regulated half  
Of amorous mankind a sober blessing,  
A solace in affliction, and a staff  
In trouble, when, the weary world oppressing,  
The spirits, cheer'd not by its fond caressing,  
Would faint upon the road, and perish there ;  
But, this endearing stimulus possessing,  
They girdle up their loins, defying care,  
And march upon their way, and triumph o'er despair—

*Love*,—that assists the peasant in his toil,  
And often at his side the sickle plies,  
Whose simple guerdon is the honest smile  
Of joy, that sparkles in his mistress' eyes,  
As they, in terms, where trope nor figure lies,  
Talk o'er the pleasures of their future home,  
When duly tether'd by connubial ties,  
*She*, with no truant wish from *him* to roam,  
And *he*, content for *her* to moil the years to come—

*Love* is the poet's curse in all his ages,  
But doth as surely on his youth attend,  
As certain maladies, at certain stages,  
That ailing youth beset; and, to the end,  
Its symptoms as inevitably blend  
With the mind's growth, and as unfailingly  
Or scorch it into littleness, or lend  
The intellect a weak precocity,  
A sapling in its strength, though in its height a tree.

Yet, without love, had ne'er a poet been,  
Or only been unto himself alone,  
Letting all other feelings die *within*  
And *with* him, seed-like, perishing where thrown,  
In thankless soil, or luckless season sown.  
“ Out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth  
Speaketh ”—and the young poet’s gushes on,  
And babbles into words, that know no drouth,  
Running to warmth, like rivers, flowing to the south.

A fountain, fring’d with flowers of many hues,  
And stirr’d by its own bubbling, or the breeze,  
Or the sad willow, that at once doth lose  
• Its leafy store, (the Niobe of trees)  
Strowing its shrinking plain, an emblem is  
Of the boy-bard, his earliest verses welling,  
Mid smiles, and tears, and trembling sympathies,  
All bright, and pure, and sensitively telling  
The babyhood of love, like infant Cupid spelling

To Mercury, his sire, while Venus, near,  
Occasionally schools the blushing child  
Of Wit and Beauty, and doth teach his ear  
The alphabet of those sweet accents mild,  
Wherewith the world 's to be by him beguil'd,  
That so his lip may syllable the sound,  
And lisp it right, lest, by his blunder spoil'd,  
His idle speech should fall without a wound  
On hearts, that be to speech most vulnerable found.

But even in its babyhood is love  
A curse to poets, and the germ of ill,  
—The embryo cancer, nothing can remove—  
The schirrus, nought can extirpate or kill—  
For not indifference intirely will  
Cut deep enough to rid the soul of passion,  
Whose root is in the veins, and spreadeth still  
Its thirsty fibres, after the same fashion  
As larches, fed by floods, that down the mountains dash on.—

A stream, the puberty unto the youth  
Of that redundant fountain, is the type  
Of the o'erflowing adult, when he woo'th  
With lavish rhymes, and his melodious pipe  
Is, in its tones, as sorrowful and ripe,  
As pulpy plaints of nightingales, in May,  
Whereto he only listens but to wipe  
The woe-responding, trickling tear away,  
As melancholy and as musical as they—

—A tuneful Heraclitus, that doth glean  
From his sad self a false philosophy,  
Whose wisdom is in weeping at each scene,  
And drawing from each source a reason why  
His breast should heave a sentimental sigh,  
Because, in sooth, his love is morbidness,  
And thus are Nature's looks discolour'd by  
His own, whose hypochondriac distress  
Imparteth to her face the jaundice of its dress.—

A torrent,—of that multiplying stream  
The wild ungovernable increment,—  
Of liquid lightning a perpetual gleam,  
And flashing its precipitate descent,  
Where free to go, and boiling, where up-pent,  
O'er the white stones, that glisten as a scull,  
Just vomited ashore, when Ocean, spent  
With riot, speweth, from his stomach dull,  
The bones of an old meal, like some o'erglutted Goul,

That plunders death, and lives upon the dead !  
—A torrent is the image of the course  
Of the enamour'd poet, who doth tread  
The middle path of life, and gathers force  
From force itself, as the unbroken horse  
At his own speed flies fast and faster yet,  
To pour, in his tumultuary verse,  
The swellings of his bosom, or doth fret  
In ireful menace, when by opposition met ;

At best, a torment to himself and her,  
The honour'd slave of his romantic flame,  
Who, measur'd by perfection, cannot stir  
Without offence, for aye incurring blame,  
Speaking or mute—gay, grave—'tis all the same—  
The more in fault, the more she strives to please  
A dreamer, smitten with ideal dame,  
While she, to realize his phantasies,  
Is ever at a loss, and never at her ease.

Or say, she hath but to endure the mood  
Of his sibylline phrenzy for the hour,  
When o'er the coming tempest he doth brood,  
And thick'ning fancies labour up and low'r,  
Like summer-clouds, and congregate their pow'r,  
Till lo ! the lightnings dart, the thunders roll,  
And, one by one, the first drops of the show'r  
Fall hot and hard, then bursts the sluicy soul  
In cataracts of rhyme, that rush without controul—

Is *this* the consummation? *this* to grasp  
The dainty fruit, for which a poet pants?  
Is *this* to hold within his waking clasp  
The vision, which a poet's sleep enchant?  
Is *this* the fine eurēka of his wants?  
To lead a woman an embitter'd life—  
To chide her tears—to bandy back her taunts—  
And share his span of lunacy and strife  
Between a madd'ning Muse and husband-madden'd wife!

And thus in double destitution ends  
The prodigal of love, his mines of worth  
Consum'd by his own ardour, while his friends,  
Like Job's, condemn him in the day of dearth,  
And he, like Job, doth execrate his birth,  
And call upon the hills to overwhelm,  
The waters to engulf him, and the earth  
To swallow him for ever, since the helm  
Of 's freighted hope is gone, and beggar'd is his realm.—

A channel—of that torrent the mere furrow,  
The dried-up evidence of wasted waste,  
Whose sandy desolation is as thorough  
As Arab desarts, by the pilgrim pac'd,  
To kneel at Mecca's shrine, with holy haste,  
Save where, perchance, some brackish pool is found,  
To irritate his fever by its taste—  
Exemplifies alas ! the arid ground,  
Where love hath swept, but where doth love no more abound ;

Though not evanish'd quite, but lingering  
In some unseemly reservoir, which age  
Retaineth for the poet, when the spring  
Of soul 's exhausted, and the fervid rage  
Of his strong heart, which years alone could 'ssuage,  
Curdled to sloth, doth slumber in a tank  
Of impotent emotions, or but wage  
The mockery of battle with the dank  
Sides of its mouldy well, which driv'lling dotage sank.—

At dewy morn, or noon's meridian beams,  
Or in the fading twilight of his days,  
For ever dreaming ever-broken dreams,  
The night of death alone no antic plays  
To jeer the bard, when down his head he lays  
Within the cold, unvisionary tomb,  
Unmock'd by passion, vanity, or praise,  
And all the lying vapours, that find room  
To sail about the brain, and fill it with their fume.

Or if, (but this is rare) by dint of thought,  
Or through phlegmatic torpor in the blood,  
Or deep disgust, by disappointment wrought,  
Or scorn, or pride, which will not be subdu'd  
Save by itself, whose Mithridatic food  
(The bold suggestion of its jealous fears)  
Is poison, such as common natures would  
Rue or reject, still saving what it sears,  
As water turns to stone the wood its dripping wears—

Yea, if, from thought, or phlegm, disgust, or scorn,  
Or pride, or resolution to eschew  
Those *seeming fair*, but *really forlorn*,  
Ports of the heart, there *should be* (and how few  
They *are!*) 'mid Poesy's *impassion'd crew*,  
Some, that by times betake them to the boat,  
And push from ship and shore, to drift anew  
On Life's monotonous expanse remote,  
No haven but the wave—the wave, whereon they float—

How selfish the alternative ! to die  
On the world's waste in that indifference,  
Or live to gather from the sea and sky  
Reflections on their being, so intense,  
As for its sameness *them* to recompence—  
(For oft doth meditation on a grief  
The grief far more than compensate, and thence  
Philosophy is born, who, to a brief  
And transient sorrow brings a lasting long relief.)—

Or else, that its worn faculties may scape  
The further watches of unwelcome thought,  
The mind, undisciplin'd, assumes the shape  
And mask of dissipation, and, distraught  
With vinous joys, or carnal pleasures fraught,  
In evil hour on some such isle doth land,  
As Naxos was of yore, when Liber caught  
The widow'd bride asleep, or where the band,  
Of Cytherea sang, and bounded, hand-in-hand—

For Cyprus was a jubilee of song,  
A festival of dancing and gay rites,  
Where votaries, the dissolute day long,  
Went tripping to the fane, like wanton sprites,  
To sacrifice to Venus, and delights  
Were numerous as diamonds on a spray  
At coronation levees, and the night's  
Vied with the loose amusements of the day,  
While Dian turn'd her face in very shame away.—

And, Byron ! thou, a tyro in the troop,  
Wanting the necessary want of heart  
Of older debauchees, could'st early stoop  
To ape their graceless follies and the part  
Of them, that purchase beauty in a mart,  
Whose venal bargain and expensive boast  
Is some crack'd specimen of female art,  
And he the proudest, who can bid the most,  
And buy at any price what 's dear at any cost.

To over-pledge the bacchanal in drinking—  
To over-bet the gambler in his stake—  
To over-trifle, in his lack of thinking,  
The fool, the fop, the jockey, and the rake—  
To over-do the spendthrift, for the sake  
Of mere bravado, in his waste of pelf—  
The laws of God and Man to over-break,  
And raise (oh rare !) the blush of many an elf,  
That thou should'st own a cheek more brazen than himself—

To court remark—at decency to scoff—

Self-trusting, self-sufficing, and self-freed

From forms conventional—to brave reproof—

The flippant preacher of a flippant creed—

To lean upon thy strength—a rotten reed !

That propp'd thee to the middle of the mire,

Then fail'd in thy extremity of need

—The fate of all, that hardly require

‘ No guide but common sense,’ which brings them ne’er the  
nigher—

This, this was thy ambition, which ‘ o’erleap’d

Itself, and, vaulting, fell on t’ other side’—

The whirlwind, it had sown—the storm it reap’d—

The harvest of the seed, cast far and wide

On stony ground, or which the thorns deni’d

To sip the dew, or taste the wholesome air—

The short and suffocated crop of pride,

Which led thee, in all things, all things to dare

—Th’ experiment of scorn, whose produce was the tare

—Wild-oats, by wildfire scorch'd into a poor  
Remainder of disreputable dust

—The ashes of thy deeds—and thou, the doer,  
By rumour us'd, according to its lust—  
Thy name a theme—thy character discuss'd—  
Blown on, and blown about, by slander's breath—  
A scapegoat unto them, whose sham disgust  
Advis'd each would-be follower of Seth  
To salve *his own* by *thy* kind reputation's death.

But why that moral suicide? or why  
That union of antipathies between  
Gregarious mirth and lone misanthropy?  
—For then in strange affinity, I ween,  
Those incompatibilities were seen!—  
*This*, like a wounded lion in its den,  
Eyeing the dark, and *that*, amid the sheen  
Of daylight, visiting the haunts of men,  
Yet *here* of the same fold, the creatures of one pen!

That fold thy heart, that pen thy bosom was,  
Which cag'd two natures in thy single breast,  
The *one*, at open warfare with the mass,  
The *other*, with its enmity repress'd  
By courtesy, of hates the bitterest,  
And hating more for such companionship,  
As breeds familiarity—at best  
The author of contempt, which on a lip  
Of haughtiness like thine (for never could'st thou strip  
Thy features of the consciousness of birth)  
Soon settled to aversion, which was fed  
By fierce dissatisfaction, that the worth,  
Thou felt'st within thee, stubbornly lay dead,  
Unseen, unknown, and unacknowledg'd,  
—A mine of gold, whose riches, yet unbar'd  
By delving time, still rusted in their bed—  
And oh ! its bright presentiments unshar'd,  
Th' unutterable hell of Genius undeclar'd !

For then within us is a gnawing flame,  
Invisible, that vitally consumes,  
A fire, that struggles to get vent in fame,  
Enveloping, the while, in glowing glooms  
The talent, whence a fitful fury booms,  
As of themselves the heated cannons roar  
From vessels in a blaze, whose flare illumines  
The sepulchreing sea, and nothing more,  
Unanswer'd by a gun, nor seen by any shore.

As, ere, in spring, the boiling blood can throw  
The lazy humour out, the body ails  
Of hot and sleepless indigestion, so  
With the young mind, that for a season fails  
To vindicate its powers, but inly rails,  
That they will never into being burst,  
Save as in such obscurity as veils  
The cloudy crater, thick and undispers'd,  
Till, cradled by the shock, and by the nitre nurs'd,

—The earthquake and the lava—Etna flashes  
Th' eruption fully forth, a tossing sea  
Of crimson waves, that welteringly dashes  
Its thunderbolted billows to the lee  
Of the loud wind, whose hissing surf is thè  
White-volum'd vapour, and whose burning spray  
Is cinders, while its awful ebbings be  
The flames, that vanish in the smoke away,  
Like Phlegethon's, adown the black sands of its bay !

E'en thus, its energies in labour, what  
Extravagancies in the spirit reign !  
What dark explosions of the temper blot  
The should-be azure ef Youth's skiey plain !  
What throes within the breast and in the brain !  
What petulance, conceit, and melancholy !  
(The midwives of the intellect in pain)  
Till Genius to thè light is usher'd wholly  
By morbid discontent, and waywardness, and folly,

—The child of many an agonizing fit,  
Whose birth the spiteful jealousy of fate  
Prolongeth to the last, as erst did sit,  
By Juno's bidding, at Alcmena's gate,  
A cross-legged beldam, muttering spells of hate  
Against her rival and her rival's boy,  
That was and was to be—yet there she sat,  
Weaving her curses, to,—if not destroy  
A mother's hope, at least—delay a mother's joy.

But wit prevail'd, and Hercules was born—  
—The Genius of Valour, he whose prime  
Feat was to strangle serpents in the dawn  
Of 's glorious race—an earnest of what time  
Would do hereafter, when his years should climb  
The mountain of his miracles, that he  
Might hear the apotheosizing chime,  
Which wedded him to Hebe, envy-free,  
When Health a goddess was, and Strength a deity.

*“ I woke one morning, and I found myself*  
“ *Famous,*”—thy sentence, Byron, and how true !  
As if in slumber thou had’st pass’d the gulf,  
Which separated light and dark—the blue  
Of glad Creation from the sable hue  
Of Chaos, that erewhile within thee lay,  
An elemental mass, yet, gleaming thro’  
The mind’s opacity, there shot a ray—  
A prophesying glimpse—of thy poetic day,  
  
Whose advent was at hand, and soon arose,  
Extinguishing, in its comparison,  
The subaltern effulgencies of those  
Small asteroids, that already shone  
Too dim, but, when thy lustre was upon  
Them, melted, or respectfully retir’d  
Far back, imagining their date was done,  
Or they were as mere satellites requir’d  
To circle thy renown, in meaner fame attir’d.

But soon as thy successful brow around  
The choicest chaplet of a bard was twin'd—  
When praise attempted with its seraph sound  
To lull the morbid tempest of the mind—  
When flattery in bonds, that fail'd to bind,  
Essay'd to hold the spirit of disdain,  
Which wore awhile, then gave unto the wind,  
Letting the flimsy ligaments remain  
One moment, that the next might see them rent in twain—

—(For Genius is not dup'd, but knoweth its  
Own intellectual calibre too well  
To follow in the wake of meaner wits,  
And covet dross for gold. The silly bell  
Of pleasing adulation were the knell  
Of Talent, should it chance to love a peal,  
That cozeneth the senses like the spell  
Of wedding-chimes, when Singleness doth seal  
Its abdicating act, and sign away its weal)—

Wast thou the happier for thy laurel-wreath,  
For man's applause, or woman's compliment?—  
Though thou at each perfumed step didst breathe  
An æther of intoxicating scent—  
Though in thine honour many a voice was blent,  
Thy verse a fashion, and thyself a show—  
Though young ambition, to its fullest bent,  
Was fed with the '*monstrari digito*',  
Prais'd—flatter'd—as thou wert—wast thou the happier? no.

A double ban forbade thee so to be;  
Thy proper nature, and imparted blood.—  
At once a poet and a Byron, the  
Ill-starr'd conjunction ominously stood,  
Half in a sad, and half a sullen mood,  
Shading a soul, where sorrow was innate,  
And where the quick propensity to feud  
Descended as a heir-loom of old date,—  
A poet in thy grief, a Byron in thy hate.

—A grief, that, like the seeds of our decline,  
Sown by decay, is with our being born—  
A death-in-life—the briar with the vine  
Together planted in the early morn  
Of our existence, where the grape 's a thorn,  
—The prickly berry of a poet's bays—  
And he, forsooth, the butt of Mammon's scorn,  
Because a stranger to his sordid ways,  
Where lucre is desert, and pelf ensureth praise—

—A hate, that deign'd on solitary head  
Nor isolated clan to empty down  
Its wrath, but indiscriminately shed  
The show'r of its antipathy upon  
Mankind, as though the many were but one  
(What fell Caligula desir'd to see  
All Roman necks, that Rome might so be done  
Away, and his unpeopling enmity  
Might witness at a stroke a nation's massacre !)

With these sufficing stimuli alas !  
In arms to stand against society,  
The inly-goaded cynic of no class,  
Thou neededst no extraneous ally—  
Unthrift, embarrassment, or penury,—  
—The old effects, whose cause is listlessness,  
Which in the face of ruin's self will fly,  
To hide a moment from the worse distress  
Of leaden hours, that like an incubus oppress ;  
  
And most and mostly where is most resource,  
E'en as some swift and richly-bedded river  
Oft chokes with its own rushing, while the course  
Of the mere rill goes dribbling on for ever,  
With nothing charg'd, and yet unbusied never !  
They were thy bane, those unidea'd hours,  
From whose inert sirocco to deliver  
Thy heavy soul, and re-exert its powers,  
Aided by bleeding pride, that like an eagle towers

Highest when wounded—pride, that ne'er could brook  
Another to confront the lofty light  
Of golden opulence with nearer look—  
Thou wilfully incurr'dst, in reason's spite,  
The irritable day, the restless night,  
And all the mental fever, that doth spring  
From wild extravagance, and all the slight,  
That waiteth upon debt, and all the sting,  
Which on a haughty heart such obligations bring !

Yea ! there the bane,—and there, too, was the smart,—  
Those unidea'd hours,—that bleeding pride,  
Still idly soaring to conceal the dart,  
Whose buried barb still prey'd upon thy side,  
Till plumb thou camest down ! and then to hide  
The past, and shield the future of thy life,  
Of all the vain preventives, misappli'd  
To screen a bosom, with itself at strife,  
The vainest sure was thine—an uncongenial wife !

END OF PART I.



## **MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



T I N T E R N.

---

Old Tintern! in whose home of solemn rest  
And sacred refuge from that mortal fret,  
Which harass'd not thy peace, the troubled breast  
Its woes in rapt seclusion could forget,  
When, one by one, the phantoms, it had met,  
Had all dissolv'd to empty air again,  
And the mock suns of Life for ever set—  
How, as it bless'd the shelter of thy fane,  
The lightening bosom heav'd, and wept away its pain !

Here for awhile with penitential tears,  
And contrite sighs, and humblings in the dust,  
And every penal pang the sinner bears,  
Ere yet Devotion can expel the lust  
Of ill, or Mammon will resign his trust,  
The neophyte within thy walls essay'd  
To be at last enroll'd among The Just,  
With groans for his probationary bread,  
With sackcloth on his limbs, and ashes on his head.

Here, day by day, and night by night, above  
Thy pealing roof the stated chaunt arose—  
Here, hush'd for aye, the melting tones of Love  
In tender converse breath'd no carnal vows—  
Here Friendship own'd no friends, and Hate no foes—  
Here Grief embitter'd not, nor Joy endear'd—  
Save in the hour of sleep, when Memory throws  
Her wakeful glance on all the heart hath fear'd  
Or hop'd in transient youth, which, dreamlike, disappear'd.

Here Conquest laid his dripping sword aside,  
Knighthood his hauberk, Royalty his crown ;  
Here wild Ambition tam'd his breast of pride  
With fast, and vigil, and the galling gown ;  
Here Wealth his substance, Glory his renown,  
Alike forewent ; here Grandeur could abate  
His haught pretensions, courbing lowly down,  
As, 'wreck'd and broken with the storms of state,'  
Some worn-out Wolsey crav'd admittance at thy gate.

'Though now no more to Heaven's own porch aspire  
Thy cowl'd Cistercians' laudatory song,  
Hark ! from their wonted station in thy choir,  
How yonder linnet plies its grateful tongue !—  
Though now no more thy pillar'd maze among  
The holy censer's wandering odours stray,  
The briar still doth smell as faintly strong !—  
Though mass and incense both be pass'd away,  
This plant still scents the gale, that bird still glads the day !

Albe't a ruin now, all grey and green,  
Where the tall ivy flaps against the sky  
Its leaves in playful challenge, and between  
Thy topmost stones its snakelike branches lie  
At uncoil'd length, sustaining still on high  
That, which they loosen, e'en as Prejudice  
Doth warp men's minds, yet hold them till they die—  
Albe't the ash, within thine edifice,  
Shoots wildly up, and elder shades the rich device  
  
Of thine elaborate sculpture, and the moss  
With plumpy cushion tufts thy Gothic pile,  
Whose feather'd dwellers momently across  
Dart to their nestlings in each voiceless aisle,  
While, sloping through, the mellow sunbeams smile,  
And thy fresh sod with chequering kisses greet,  
Where Time, o'erjealous of his favorite spoil,  
Hath carpeted thy floor, and deem'd it meet  
To screen thy hallow'd earth from touch of living feet,

There is no death about thee. Though the load  
Of thine eighth century would crush thy frame,  
And its invidious rust would fain corrode  
Thy stately structure;—though the lightning's flame  
Flash often o'er thee, thou art still the same,  
As lovely, soft, and welcome to the eye,  
As when thy finish'd excellence became  
The marvel of the valley, and the Wye  
Play'd truant on his course, and lothly loiter'd by.

Nature is first and last; and therefore thou,  
Though rival Art with happiest cunning plann'd  
Thy solid grace, survivest but to show  
Her primitive dominion, and dost stand  
—Despite the mad and sacrilegious band  
And savage zeal, that erst dismantled thee—  
A fair excrescence of the genial land,  
Whose sward is strown with blossoms, as the bee  
Hums to the drowsy Noon her soothing lullaby.

To such, as see thee at this idle hour,  
When weary hinds amid their labours steal  
The aid of sleep's revigorating pow'r,  
Or, stretch'd at ease, divide their homely meal,  
Where, overhead, in rapid circles wheel  
The insect squadrons of the sultry air  
'Neath their flock-shading canopy, or reel  
On th' eddying stream one giddy moment, where  
Fly never sail'd but found a sad Charybdis there ;

To such, as see thee when the deep'ning dews  
Of Twilight fain would cover with their veil  
Eve and her single planet, that refuse  
To be thus hidden, but betray their tale  
Of love and lustre to the nightingale,  
Who from the fountain of her bosom pours  
Her loud, o'erflowing, melancholy wail,  
While May sits list'ning in her leafy bowers  
To the delicious fall of those melodious showers ;

To such, as see thee when the silver Moon  
Thy fane doth gild with her congenial light,  
—Cold as thyself and solemn—and a tune  
Of rippling waters on the ear of Night  
Breaks sweetly from the Wye, while she, bedight  
With countless gems, doth nathless more approve  
To view the owl on heavy pinions white  
Around thy roofless sanctuary move,  
And frighten with his screech the slumbers of the grove;

To such, as see thee when the quiet dawn  
Breathes from the curtain'd chambers of the sky  
A whispering summons to the jocund Morn,  
Who straight calls up her merry minstrelsy  
Of birds in every brake, that warbling vie  
Which best can pay their tribute to the Sun,  
Whose first distemper'd beams already dye  
The ganzy vapours with their colour dun,  
As, gleaming here and there, the river-windings run;

To such, as see thee when the rustling breeze  
O'er a live flood of velvet verdure sweeps,  
Crisping the wavy surface of the trees,  
Where forth the birch conspicuously peeps,  
Shining like satin, and the otter keeps  
His patient watch till the suspicious trout  
Its haunt shall quit by where the willow weeps,  
And many a rill, for ever branching out  
Of its allotted path, goes gossipping about;

To such, as see thee when the welkin broods  
The scowling tempest, and the leaden wind  
Blows hot and loose athwart the tumbling woods,  
And the black, thunderbolted clouds unbind  
Each dazzling flash, that, fierce and unconfin'd,  
Strikes quick and fatal as the shafts of death,  
Stripping the forest monarch of his rind,  
—The refuge of the kite—as hiss and wreath  
The deluge from above, the haze from underneath;

To such, as see thee when the storm hath ceas'd,  
And the exhausted elements are still—  
When roves once more his plain the grazing beast,  
And the lambs bound once more upon the hill—  
When its wet plumes once more with busy bill  
Each bird adjusts, then tries its pipe anew,  
In sheer delight to mark the rainbow fill  
Its vaulted span with arc of various hue,  
While Sol looks laughing out from skies all bright and blue :  
  
In every season, and at every hour,  
At noon, at eve, or when the moon doth climb  
Her azure steep, and sages from their tower  
The stars peruse, ere yet the morning's prime  
Hath slak'd the lily's thirst with dewy rime,  
That droops for moisture, even as the hart  
Pants for the water-brooks—at every time,  
Unmatch'd and matchless, silent and apart,  
Thou Rome of ruin'd shrines ! how beautiful thou art !

And lo ! within thy tenantless abode,  
Void, as it is, and peopled, as it was,  
A convent once, and now a solitude,  
There wastes no crumbling particle but has  
An awful truth to teach me as I pass,  
While from aloft yon listless stranger jerks  
Some tiny fragment down. I' th' very grass,  
That scales thy height, a mournful earnest lurks  
Of how Decay prevails o'er Man's most vaunted works.

Whose is this mailed and ancient effigy,  
With shielded arm, and hand, that lacks the spear ?  
Norfolk's or Clare's ? what boots it unto me  
To guess or know ? suffices, it is *here*.  
Since Doubt's the charm of Time ; why strive to clear  
With wise impertinence, and meddling toil  
His pleasing mists away ? From year to year  
May this uncouth unconscious statue foil  
Those clumsy pedants, who whate'er they handle spoil !

For what to them the story of these stones  
And unintelligibly graven tomb?  
Do they not hide what once were human bones,  
And now are dust or nothing by the doom  
Of fate, that renders to the common womb  
Of Earth what all-creating Earth hath bred?  
Why seek we, then, to dive into the gloom,  
Which far Antiquity hath deeply spread  
O'er men, that liv'd like us, sinn'd, suffer'd, and are—dead?

Is it not better thus to saunter on  
In uninquisitive incertitude,  
Than ask a buzzing mercenary drone  
His trite and borrow'd blunders to intrude  
On our emotions and that mystic mood,  
Which mocks such comments and interpreter?  
Is it not better for us to exclude  
His busy-body knowledge, than to stir  
The ashes of our sires in their dark sepulchre?—

Whence be these sounds, that in my bosom leave  
A speechless calm ? the mortal brain and ear  
Is too too gross such symphonies to weave,  
Is too too dull such harmonies to hear.  
Perchance, belong they to that glorious sphere,  
Where angels multitudinously sing,  
And some descended cherub hovers near,  
His golden throne awhile abandoning,  
To charm thy temple with the music of his wing.

No ; but thy fabric doth contain a spell  
These strange and spiritual notes to raise,  
Sweet as the dulcet bubblings, that did well  
From Memnon's warbling bust in olden days,  
As, first illumin'd by Apollo's rays,  
Its marble lips, like Helicon, o'errun  
With the rich gush of their mysterious lays—  
E'en so dost thou respond unto the sun,  
That rises from my soul, and when its race is done,

And dim and melancholy shadows spread  
O'er its wan light, as evening over thine,  
Then, as that wondrous monument did shed  
Its tears of melody at day's decline,  
So thou, O Tintern ! with a tone as fine  
Dost answer to the dark'ning of my thought,  
By sorrow touch'd, and grow'st a spot divine,  
Where thou, and I, that muse on thee, are fraught  
With one deep feeling; which from th' other each has caught.

And now, if e'er thy memory can quit  
My swelling heart, I say to thee—Farewell !  
Or if these wistful eyes can e'er forget  
The scene, on which they hence departing dwell—  
Yon base, still standing where its column fell—  
These blocks—those arches—and thy lone estate—  
And all the noiseless indices, that tell  
The past and present of thy lengthen'd date,  
Like dial-shades, that show the progress of thy fate.

Life is a book of chances. It may be  
That e'en the brief existence I have drawn  
Out of its blind capricious lottery  
May close my winnings, and the yet unborn  
Morrow may find me beggar'd, and forlorn,  
And robb'd, and blotted from the sum of men  
Still, if my leaf remain awhile untorne,  
And fortune grant to visit thee again,  
At Autumn and at Twilight, Tintern ! be it then !—

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## ON LEAVING SANDLIN,

MY FORMER PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

---

My Cottage-Home ! thou happy, happy spot !

Where four successive years away have pass'd  
Like swallows at the chilly fall, but not  
Like swallows to return, when winter's blast  
Around thy head has blown its noisy last.  
Though oft those summer visitors shall see  
Thy nest-protecting roof again, and fast  
By the warm window, where they wont to be,  
Shall twitter to the sun their morning melody,

Me and those years shall they no more behold,  
But in our stead new seasons shall survey  
And tenants, sure not happier than the old,  
Who now must leave thee. The contented day  
From its first dawning to its latest ray—  
The grateful slumbers of the tranquil night,  
Disturb'd but by the nightingales, that stray  
From their dim coverts for the moonshine bright  
To steep their voices in its moist refreshing light—

The showery coming of the fitful spring,  
Made up, like infancy, of smiles and tears—  
Each welcome boon the summer flush can bring,  
With every gift the burnish'd autumn bears—  
And all, that e'en December's reign endears,  
The circled hearth, the social talk of friends,  
Or the short flight from book to book, that wears  
Th' inclement in-door hours away, and lends  
The prisoning months a charm, till the long bondage ends—

All, all are gone, yea ! one and all are gone !

My term of peace is over, and I part  
With thee, as with a Paradise, that soon  
Must be the viewless Eden of my heart,  
—Unseen but unforgotten—for thou art  
So precious still in thy remembrances,  
I mourn thee like a bride, beneath the dart  
Of death already sinking, and I prize  
Thee ever more, as more thou faDEST from mine eyes.

Is there no calm, but care must trouble it ?

No budding pleasure, but is doom'd to die ?  
No stationary-seeming joys, but flit,  
Like shooting stars, adown our mortal sky ?  
Is there no earthly mirror, but a sigh  
Must stain the polish, and bedim the glass,  
Too quickly wrinkled ? Is it all a lie ?  
And such the pilgrimage of Life, alas !  
Where Hope is still before, and Sorrow where she was ?—

Adieu ! adieu ! my happy Cottage-Home !  
A long—a lingering—a last—adieu !  
To thee, wheree'er my shifting feet may roam,  
This changeless bosom shall at least be true.  
On fields as green though other skies as blue  
May look, and other scenes may rival thine,  
No second spot to me can e'er renew  
The perish'd past, or round that bosom twine  
Those breaking—broken—ties, o'er which I thus repine.

In other groves the nightingale may fill  
The air with equal music ; and the thrush  
May whistle up the tempest with a bill  
As loudly wild ; the rivulet may gush  
From its dark cave beneath the tangled bush,  
And through as fair a mead may run as free ;  
In other gardens may the roses blush  
As red, but ne'er shall nightingale on tree,  
Thrush, rivulet, or roses, seem the same to me.

What unborn day, or uncreated hour,  
Unhatch'd as yet by time, its shell shall burst  
To give me back my feelings, or restore  
Those deep unutterable thoughts, when first  
My infant daughter slak'd her eager thirst  
At the pure fountain of her mother's breast,  
And flourish'd like a blossom, that is nurs'd  
By rains in April, and is rock'd to rest  
By the last breeze, that creeps at evening from the west ?

Thou saw'st that daughter, when her date began ;—  
Thou heard'st her unintelligibly speak ;—  
Thou view'dst her earliest efforts, as she ran,  
Scarce half-supported by a prop, as weak  
As her frail self, to aid her brother wreak  
His baby vengeance on the sleeping foe ;  
But when the mimic tyger rear'd its neck  
From its soft lair, and aim'd another blow,  
In beautiful alarm all backward would they go !

How blest be they in their unconsciousness,  
Who thus a gayer home without a sigh  
Could quit, to love a duller roof no less  
Than thine ! So be it ! May the world ne'er try  
Their mid-age with its hollowness, but by  
Life's pleasant waters may they ever lay  
Their easy burthens down, and hear, as I,  
Their shouting children, pointing 'mid their play  
To flowers as fresh, and sweet, and innocent as they !

Here, on the wooden pillow of this sluice,  
Whese scaping waters, round their shallow bed  
Whirl'd with a drowsy murmuring, induce  
Fancies on fancies, hath my quiet head  
Turn'd to yon little arch unwearied,  
And watch'd the tiny river, as it stream'd.  
And oh ! reclin'd upon this narrow stead,  
The grand and glorious visions, it hath dream'd,  
Then ever most employ'd, when vacant most it seem'd !

Here, as the pipings of a countless throng  
Of winged warblers blended with the strain  
Of my melodious musings, what a song  
My heart responded ! What a dulcet chain  
Of link'd emotions ! What a rich domain  
My soul ran over in that minstrelsy,  
Whence naught of ill but much of good I gain ;  
For sights and sounds and sentiments, that be  
Mere idlesse to the mass, are profit unto me.

Adieu ! adieu ! my happy Cottage-Home !  
A long—a lingering—a last—adieu !  
To thee, where'er my shifting feet may roam,  
This changeless bosom shall at least be true.  
On fields as green though other skies as blue  
May look, and other scenes may rival thine,  
No future spot to me can e'er renew  
The perish'd past, or round that bosom twine  
Those breaking—broken—ties, o'er which I thus repine.—

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## S C E N E S   F R O M   “ T H E   C I D ; ”

AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

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The manuscript Play, from which the following scenes are extracted, is any thing but a translation, whether loose or literal, of the celebrated *chef-d'œuvre* of Corneille. In fact, it is almost as different in its conduct throughout, as alas ! in its merit.



## SCENES FROM “THE CID.”

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### ACT II.

SCENE IV. *A retired street in Burgos, near the palace of Don Gomez, Count de Gormaz, where Don Diego, in whose favour the election for the vacant Governorship of Leon has just been decided, to the great disappointment of the Count, is seen waiting.*

DIEGO. 'Tis hereby he must pass. I'll wait for him;

For Gomez and Diego once were friends.

*(Shortly enters GOMEZ.)*

Good Morrow to the Count de Gormaz.

"GIO. KNT." BONI. B. 1750.

—. —. —. —. —.

zijn ogen volledig uit deeltreën, zul' niet meer  
oog- en oogleden, oogtallen en oogspieren  
en oogvlees in overvloede bestaan, zul' de  
oog-schijf en oogvlees niet meer  
in oogschijf en oogvlees niet meer

—. —. —. —. —.

## SCENES FROM "THE CID."

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### ACT II.

SCENE IV. *A retired street in Burgos, near the palace of Don Gomez, Count de Gormaz, where Don Diogenes, in whose favour the election for the next Governor of Leon has been denied, is the great intriguer.*

*Enter Don Diogenes.*

*Don Diogenes.*

*Don Diogenes.*

*Don Diogenes.*

*be fe-  
ness thi-*

GOMEZ.

Hah !

My homage to the Governor of Leon !

*(Uncovering himself with much ceremony.)*

DIEGO. Not so, my lord ; this is mere mockery.

GOMEZ. I *kneel* but to my Sovereign. Yet I,

Once more the humblest subject of his realm,

Would not o'erstep his new Vicegerent—no—

Not even by my rebel shadow's height.

DIEGO. Now why is this, my lord ?

GOMEZ.

Ah ! why indeed ?

I did not ask for it.

DIEGO.

Nor I, I'm sure.

GOMEZ. A favorite, like Diego, need not ask.

DIEGO. Is Gomez' tutor, then, of merit void ?

GOMEZ. I grant thou dost excell me—in thy years.

Still were thy pupil Governor of Leon,

He would not blush at being young enough

To do his duty.

DIEGO. Hah ! what mean'st thou there ?

GOMEZ. That, for his country's weal, Diego should,

Ere yet he grew thus burthensome, have died.

Temōra's field was watching for his fall.

**DIEGO.** So, for his country's safety, Gomez should

Her axe have felt, when he a traitor prov'd ;

For Sancho's block stood ready for his head.

**GOMEZ.** Base slanderer ! take that ! (*strikes him, and when*

*DIEGO endeavours to resent it, knocks the  
sword from his hand.)*

How now, —— Priam ! (*Exit.*)

(*DON RODERIGO here enters on the opposite side, with a  
letter in his hand, not observing his father, who stands more  
back, his face hidden in his hands, as oppressed by shame.*)

**RODERIGO.** (*opening and passionately kissing the letter.*)

Angelic girl !

How the heart speaks in every genuine word !

Now for the hundredth hundredth precious time !

(*Reads.*)

" Were not thy Ximena as tender of her Roderigo's  
feelings as her own, she could now well punish thee for  
those bitter tears, occasioned by thy captiousness this

morning. And how punish thee? why, by retaining a secret till to-morrow, which, if divulged, must make thy happiness to-day. The Count knows of all, and consents to all, so soon as his daughter's suitor shall have evinced himself a true Castilian Knight. Alas! she dreads the stern ordeal of war; yet never would Ximena wed a lover, unworthy of a Spanish maiden. Heaven grant, that against the hated Moors thy valour may first be tried!—Her father has accepted for her an invitation at a few leagues from Burgos. She is to return on the evening of the third day. Adieu! till then be happy."—

" Be happy!" happy indeed! why the third  
Long-wish'd-for day is come! To-morrow morn  
Shall see that bosom beat to mine again!  
My joy's complete, would but the hours fly faster!  
Not swallow-feather'd Mercury himself,  
Borne on Love's wings to boot, was half so light  
As I! Oh! that I had (*as he moves briskly to where his father is standing, sees him as described.*)  
—My father! speak!

What would this mean? why stand'st thou there  
like one,

Just blinded by the lightning's fork'y flash?

DIEGO. Curse on these baby tears!—they choke me so!

ROD. Out with them, then; and be thyself again!

DIEGO. Myself again! why tell me, who am I?

ROD. Diego.

DIEGO. It is false!

ROD. My father.

DIEGO. No!

Thy sire was deem'd a freeman: I'm a slave.

ROD. Then is Castile a prison, full of slaves.

DIEGO. I've suffer'd insult, and am unaveng'd!

Diego hath receiv'd a blow!

ROD. A blow!

DIEGO. See'st thou that sword? it fail'd to do its duty.

Take it, and when its dastard debt is paid,

(RODRIGO picks up the sword.)

I'll wear the laggard on my side again.

Till then to thee thy father must be dead.

**Rod.** Who dared to treat a Bivar like a dog?

**DIEGO.** It was—

**Rod.** Go on.

**DIEGO.** It was—

**Rod.** Speak out.

**DIEGO.** It was—

**Rod.** I *will* know who it was.

**DIEGO.** Ximena's

**Rod.** —hold! —

Ximena hath no father. He, whom mine  
Mistook for such—*his* name is written *here*.

*(The blade of the sword.)*

**DIEGO.** Thou hast not fought with him.

**Rod.** No; but I *will*.

**DIEGO.** Thou lovest, boy.

**Rod.** Fear nothing from my love.

'Tis but a sigh, that weighs upon the heart;  
Dishonour overwhelms it quite.

**DIEGO.** Yet think

On whom thou go'st to prove thy stripling arm.

**Rod.** He must 'gainst honour combat, I 'gainst shame.

**DIEGO.** In its best day, mine own was scarce more strong  
Than his.

**Rod.** Speak on: e'en now the edge seems  
keener.

I go.

**DIEGO.** He's gone.

**Rod.** I follow.

**DIEGO.** 'Tis too late.

**Rod.** At set of sun will I this sword restore.

**DIEGO.** Till rise of moon thy search will be in vain.

**Rod.** Can Vengeance wait?

**DIEGO.** For ever, 'till its hour.

**Rod.** Our's must not wait.

**DIEGO.** Only till thou art calm.

Best sleep on it.

**Rod.** I deem'd a soldier, Sir,  
Could lie on flint, but never sleep on shame.

**DIEGO.** My wither'd cheek doth glow with thy reproof.  
Still do I dread thy strength unfairly match'd.

Rod. The sense of injury is more than strength.

Diego. No ; else were Gomez breathless at my foot.

Rod. Thy overplus of age shall lend mine arm

The years, it lacketh, to contend with his.

Let not our shame be told : I'll wipe it off.

Diego. Go, then, as one, upon whose single sword

His sire's, his own, his house's honour rests.

But, for thy single—life ;—for mine, thy father's

sake,

—Come to this heart, my brave, my only bey !

*(They embrace, and the scene closes.)*

"

## ACT III.

SCENE IV. *A plainly furnished chamber of COUNT DE GORMAZ' former residence, some leagues from Burgos.*

GOMEZ (*solus.*) 'Tis a sharp eve ; or, rather, I am chill'd  
By the cold welcome of this alter'd home.  
Without, within, how fled is every trace  
Of comfort, borrow'd from its former inmates,  
Who look'd the all they lent—content and peace.  
Its garden flowers, once sweet and delicate,  
As she, who rear'd them with her gentle hand,  
Now chok'd with weeds, that breathe but loneliness.  
Its plot,—where oft, in her first thoughtless years,  
My fairy daughter sported like a fawn,

Whose meek dam watches by—now with rank grass  
O'ergrown, and its once azure fountain black  
With rotted leaves. A child might mark the change,  
A widower and a father feels it.—

(*a knocking at the door*) Who  
Knocks there?

AN OLD DOMESTIC. Excuse me, my dear lord. I fear'd  
This chamber might strike damp; 't has been so  
long

Without a fire. I'll light one in a minute.

GOMEZ. I thank ye, good Philippo, no. So all  
Be fit for your young mistress, ne'er mind me.—

(*Exit Servant.*)

And here, then, in this small but suited cot,  
For thirty years of my fast-dwindling span,  
More than man's share of happiness was mine.—  
Here play'd, here sang my Seraphina; here  
Ximena's pencil mimick'd the dear scene,  
She priz'd so well. (*looks at a picture on the wains-*  
*coat, then turns towards the window, through*

*which are streaming the last sun-rays.)*

And here, too, with an eye,  
As sober as my joy, full many an eve,  
I've mark'd, as now, day's glorious orb go down.  
'Twas from this very casement, while she propp'd  
Her dying strength within my circling arm,  
That my lov'd partner, for the last last time,  
Gaz'd on its parting splendour with a smile,  
That spoke more sadness even than my tears.  
Yon sun is still the same—but *she*—but *I*—  
Farewell! farewell! (*Turns from the window.*)

My morning's quarrel with  
Diego bodes no good. 'Twas a fool's deed.  
His age, his wrong, will league a host of friends.  
*I* have but one—the best 'tis true—my sword.  
Let them come on. Gomez will brave the bolt,  
Gomez provok'd. . . . . Ah! turn me as I will,  
'Twas basely done. E'en for my daughter's sake,  
'Twas wrong to play the boar, and whet my tusks  
Against the venerable oak of Spain.

Were her slim youth a man—but that still viler  
Blow will be spared my veteran arm, and her  
Young heart. 'Tis not with me a boy would cope.

—What now? (*to one knocking.*)

**SERVANT.** (*entering.*) Your lordship's charger's at the gate.  
The sun is set.

**GOMEZ.** I must to Burgos then. (*Exit.*)

---

**SCENE IV.** *Palace of the Count. Apartment of XIMENA.*

**ELV.** Nay, nay, I will not go. This mood of thine  
Would conjure up some melancholy sprite  
To flit around my couch, and kill my rest.—

**XIM.** I pray thee, peace. I cannot bear thy mirth.  
Think me not rude. I wish to be alone.—

**ELV.** Did I not know such sadness the mere sense  
Of o'er-fatigue, that with our slumber flies,  
I would not thus indulge thy selfish whim.  
Adieu! sweet visions on thy pillow light!

(*Kisses XIMENA, and Exit.*)

XIM. Would I could guess what this strange dread may be,  
Whose mystic load doth hang about my soul,  
And charge my eye-lids with prophetic tears !  
Last night, amid the measures of the dance,  
This morn, within the circle of my friends,  
The same dark terror stole, that since hath vex'd  
My noon's siesta with unquiet dreams,  
And dull'd with gloom my evening's journey home.  
Were but my father here ! Old Marcos said,  
He promis'd to be back by rise of moon :  
I did not think she lit her lamp so late.

*(Opens the casement.)*

This breeze revives my spirits.—There she comes !—  
How large, how golden-bright, how beautiful  
She is ! and not one jealous shadow robs  
Her image from yon gently-swelling river,  
Save where some floating fragment of a cloud  
A moment dims her loveliness with its  
Thin fleecy veil, whose burnish'd border tells  
How fraught with heaven the face, that glows  
beneath !

What heard I there ?—It is his charger's hoof.  
 I know the fashion of his homeward step ;  
 For many a time I 've listen'd with my mother  
 To catch that signal of his wish'd return.—  
 I hear his summons in the court below.—  
 His mounting foot 's upon the stair,—and now  
 His child 's within her father's arms again !

*(Flying to the Count's embrace.)*

GOMEZ. How fares my daughter ?

XIM. Thanks, my father; well.

GOMEZ. And our kind friends ?

XIM. quite well.

GOMEZ. Then all is well.

XIM. Art thou not late ?

GOMEZ. Full soon enough, my love !—

Ximena.

XIM. Sir ?

GOMEZ. Ximena.

XIM. Thou art ill !

Some accident hath chanc'd.

GOMEZ. Ximena, I

Have seen our former residence to-day.

XIM. The cottage ? and to-day, my father ?

GOMEZ. Aye !

The peaceful spot, where thou wast born, my child.

Thou once didst love it well.

XIM. I love it still.

GOMEZ. Thou shalt go thither, then—to-morrow eve !

XIM. To-morrow eve !

GOMEZ. Our splendour 's at an end.—

Content must be thy dow'r.

XIM. Heav'n's will be done !

GOMEZ. Thou 'lt find a trying change.

XIM. Less trying than

When first that splendour glitter'd on my heart.

This gilded roof was never meant for me.

GOMEZ. There spake the mother in the daughter's voice !

XIM. Hast thou forgot, my father, while she strove

To press our hands together to her breast,

The farewell hope my dying parent breath'd ?

"It soothes" (said she) "thy wife's last hour to think,

" That round thy board her tendril still shall twine  
" Its fondling growth, that, feeble when thou art,  
" May, clustering, cheer thy solitary age."

**GOMEZ.** I hear—I feel—but cannot answer thee.

**XIM.** *I am that tendril round thy lonely board ;*  
*And I will cheer thy solitary age.*

Oh ! didst thou know thy child for what she is,  
Thou 'dst see me quit this home without a sigh.

**GOMEZ.** I am not fond of many words, my love !  
I thank thee for thy duty, from my soul.

**XIM.** If in Ximena aught of merit be,  
To thine own precepts is it due : thou taught'st  
Me all

**GOMEZ.** —that I have since untaught myself :  
To rate the worth of tinsel by its wear.  
But for a sneering, dabbling devil here,  
That lipp'd their current in his bitter scorn,  
Might I have drunk, though with diminish'd zest,  
Of Life's sweet waters still. That devil was  
Ambition. I have cast him out too late.

XIM. Too late ! and yet thy wedded lot bequeath'd  
GOMEZ. —Me thee !

XIM. —much more ! It left the memory  
Of thirty unambitious years behind.

GOMEZ. It did indeed. Yet, of a recollection,  
Too strong, too dear, to be extinguish'd all,  
I madly strove to quench the murkier part  
In the o'erseething cauldron of mankind.—

But to thy chamber. It is near the noon  
Of night. Thou must be jaded, and wilt need  
Thy strength to bear thee through the morrow.

XIM. No.  
My heart's so light. Still was it strangely sad,  
Ere thou wert come.

GOMEZ. The mere effect of Autumn.  
At fall of leaf is Sorrow's harvest-time.

XIM. Good night, my father !

GOMEZ. Ah ! good night ! good night !  
*(He kisses her tenderly, and exeunt on different sides.)*

SCENE V. *Gomez discovered in his garden. The Moon shines brightly.*

GOMEZ. I feel but ill at ease to night, albe't  
Star-peopled heav'n its elemental pow'r  
Aside hath laid to gaze upon our earth.  
Yon moon, that sails o'er many a sleeping city,  
Whose heart-like life, with all its human veins,  
Is still, doth seem to chide me for my sad  
And spectral thoughts, that keep forbidden watch  
Amid the happy slumbers of a world.  
It was not once, at variance with a scene  
Like this, their wont to wander. It must be  
The moil, the toil, the fever, and the fret  
Of my unthankful station, that have thus  
My soul subdu'd. Grant but this storm blow o'er,  
I shut out Fame for ever. Not a boor,  
But from the precincts of his village-church  
May learn the end, of all he covets, is

The thing I now see crawling at my feet—the worm.

*(Apostrophizes the worm.)*

Dull victor of the Vanquishers of Earth!

Did, then, old Egypt's servile thousands rear  
Her strong-built pyramids, that mock at Time,  
To keep out thee, to be but fool'd at last?

Lo ! in their dim and bat-engendering vaults,  
By the tall phantom shadows of his torch  
Unnerv'd, and weary with the saddening search  
Of death, some mummy-hunting traveller  
Trusts to the crumbling carcase of a king,  
And sinks down blinded by his royal—dust!—  
I 'll look once more upon the solemn sight  
From 'neath this cypress-shade, and then to rest.

*(After reclining a short time upon the bench beneath the tree,  
is seen gradually overcome by sleep. RODERIGO enters cautiously.)*

ROD. Ah ! there he lies, defenceless and asleep !  
And thus, then, for the purposes of honour,  
Most like a vile assassin, have I scal'd

Each bar, that stood between Revenge and me.  
Shall I not rouse him? no; there's time enough  
For both to die before the peep of dawn.  
Still should he wake, and take me for a wretch,  
That longs, yet fears, to plunge his coward steel,  
How then? the mere suspicion would unman  
My honest arm.—His dream seems strangely  
troubled!—  
He moves—he murmurs—now he's still again!—  
Would it were over!—Down with thee, Love!  
down!  
Thou hast no business with a man like me,  
At a black hour like this!—  
*Count is seen struggling in his sleep, as under the influence of some powerful emotion.)*  
Lo! there it glides  
Behind yon tomb: it beckons me away!  
Sweet shape! I'll follow thee, go where thou wilt,  
Loose but these bonds.—I'm free! I'm free!  
I'm free! (*starts up.*)

Lift up that veil ! Great God ! it is my wife !

Oh ! let me clasp thee to this widow'd breast !

(*As he runs forward, awakes just in front of RODERIGO, whose sword is involuntarily pointed at him.*)

Why ! what art thou ?

ROD. the scion of a tree,

That, autumn after autumn of renown,

Hath shed its gold and glorious leaves o'er Spain.

GOMEZ. I—I—I took thee for a spirit !

ROD. —and

My father for a slave ! I am Diego's son.

GOMEZ. Why cam'st thou here ?

ROD. To kill thee, or to die.

(*The Count being still strongly affected by his dream, RODERIGO continues.*)

I would not over thee advantage take,

Save such as Roderigo may command.

Soon as that wild and plaintive air shall cease,

Which the mad lover of our city plays

At every moonlit midnight o'er the grave

Of her, he murder'd in his jealous wrath,  
I'll come to thee again.—Hark! there it is!

(RODERIGO walks slowly away, while a flute is heard playing an irregular and melancholy air. The Count leans exhausted against the bench, but recovers himself by the finish of the air, when re-enters RODERIGO.)

GOMEZ. Young man! to doubt my courage were to die;  
For Gomez' race hath been in honour run,  
And his fair name untarnish'd by a blot.

ROD. And old Diego's?

GOMEZ. I that debt will pay  
With my last breath, should fate foredoom my fall;  
But not to thee. Match me a manlier arm,  
The strongest, boldest, bravest ye can find,  
And I will cope with him—ay, life for life,  
And death for death. 'Twere dastardy with thee.

ROD. What! shall Diego's blood go begging for revenge,  
When from this heart it cries, "*his blood is here?*"

GOMEZ. Well said! but still I'll fight not with such odds;  
For what art thou?

**GOMEZ.** Young man ! I meant thou shouldst my daughter wed.

Rod. Talk not to me of daughters! Were each drop,  
That boils within these veins De Gormaz' daughter,  
I'd risk her all but I would fight with thee!

**GOMEZ.** I say again, I'll fight not with such odds.

Rod. *I say, thou shalt.* (*makes as if he would strike him.*  
*They fight for some time, when RODERIGO is hit*  
*down on one knee.*)

**GOMEZ.** Young cavalier, thy sword.

ROD.                   Never ! it is Diego's ! (*renewing the combat.*)

**GOMEZ.** *(to RODERIGO, hit down again.)* Hah! how now?

**ROD.** (*renewing the combat again.*)

**The third and last shall be thine own. Come on.**

**GOMEZ.** (*half-tumbling.*) Stripling! I did but *trip*.

*(As they are now both severely wounded, the conflict is awhile suspended from mutual exhaustion. They fight again.)*

Rod. (to Gomez struck mortally.) Thou 'st fallen now!

*(While the Count lies supporting himself on his elbow, and RODERIGO, with equal difficulty, on his sword, enter hastily MARCOS and domestics.)*

MAR. What see I there?

GOMEZ. Ambition in the dust!

Marcos! thy master dies. But, by my soul!  
 Which soon must quit its tenement of clay,  
 If there should dare a menial of ye all  
 To raise a finger 'gainst that noble youth,  
 My ghost shall dog the coward to his grave!—  
 Brave boy! thy hand. The insult is aveng'd,

*(RODERIGO, in the act of reaching his hand to the Count, falls by his side.)*

And the foul secret safe, I trust.—Look to  
 Thy gaping wounds. Thou hast de Gormaz' mark  
 On thee. May Heav'n forgive me all my sins!

*(sinks back.)*

MAR. Best bear his lordship to the palace.

GOMEZ. *(sternly.)* No.

The fittest death-bed for a soldier is

The ground, on which he fought.—My orphan child!—

*(The domestics are about to remove them both, when the Count, delirious with pain, shouts out.)*

Catch me yon grazing horse: mine bleeds apace.

He reels—he drops!—The hounds of Leon run!

Huzza for Victory and Old Castile!—

See to our wounded. Count the dead.—In all

My fields, I never felt so faint before.—

My throat's a furnace!—Water! Water!—oh!—

*(Here XIMENA rushes in in her dishabille, utters a loud shriek, and falls insensible.)*

How like a woman that poor fellow shriek'd!

The dark must be his burial-cloak to night:

Ye'll dig—his grave—the first—thing—in—the—  
morn!

*(dies.)*

*(The scene closes as the domestics bear them off.)*

## ACT IV.

SCENE IV. *Apartment in the palace of Diego.*

RODERIGO *discovered reclining upon a couch. He raises himself with difficulty.*

ROD. 'Tis all in vain. Each artifice I try  
To bribe it to my couch but further scares  
Suspicious sleep away. It there too oft  
Hath seen the feint repeated to be won.  
Mere pain I still could bear, as I have borne ;  
For daily suffering doth familiarize  
The frame to torments, keener e'en than mine ;  
But the long drag of hours without a hope,  
The weight of unideaed listlessness,  
'Tis *that* unmans me quite. I say, I heed  
Not sickness for itself. A month, a week,  
To my wan cheek its colour may restore ;  
But when shall time to my distemper'd soul  
Its healthy hue bring back ! Ah ! there I struck

e key of my despair ! Ximena ! oh !  
Tears could plead—no more—no more of that !  
The irksome changes, that this chamber rings  
On my disgusted heart, are worse than all  
The dumb unbroken silence of the grave.  
I feel its dull monotony vibrâte  
Through every aching nerve. I'd rather go,  
And mope 'mid twilight sepulchres and sculls,  
As one, that with Man's life had naught to do,  
Than thus be doom'd, day after day, to mark  
From morn till noon, from noon till eve, the sun's  
Time-doling shadow travel round my couch.—  
Would I could reach yon window to inhale  
The freshness of a sky, that looks so blue !

*(He rises and walks a step or two.)*

Ah ! Gomez ! thou hast left thy mark indeed !—  
How weak I am ! my limbs refuse their office.

**DIEGO.** (*entering*) Take thy old father's arm, then.—There,  
my boy !—

There,—softly—there.—Why that is very well.

*(They reach the window.)*

Here rest thyself: thou look'st but sadly yet.

We 'll court the breeze: the air will do thee good.

(*DIEGO opens the casement.*)

**Rod.** What an intoxicating smell it has!

It makes me giddy. How the roofs spin round!

I 'll shade my eyes a moment, or must fall.

**DIEGO.** —The signs of long confinement.

**Rod.** There they are!

My gay companions, tilting in the square,

Unmindful all of me!

**DIEGO.** Not so, my son.

Naught but my firmness keeps them from thy side.

Their talk would weary thee.

**Rod.** How wave the woods

In their rich autumn robes, as though they were

Thus dress'd to bid the parting year farewell!

Save where yon melancholy cypress still

Its sombre garb retains, like one, that grieves

O'er some dear turf, fresh-water'd with his tears!

Why surely that—no—yes—it is—it is

The tree, 'neath which he fell! How strange, that I

Should recognise it not at once, since *there*

— Why are the windows of his palace clos'd ?

The mourning time is past. Is *she* dead too ?

**DIEGO.** No ; but no more at Burgos doth she dwell.

**Rod.** What ! can I breathe another air and live ?

Where hides she from her lover's noisome sight ?

**DIEGO.** Seek not to know ; 'twould but embitter thought.

**Rod.** And not to know, annihilate it quite.

Where doth she dwell ?

**DIEGO.** What matters it to thee ?

**Rod.** Not much ; yet must I have some whereabouts

To plant and naturalize my thought,

All wormwood though it be, or else I die.

**DIEGO.** Be calm.

**Rod.** Then thwart me not : I 've borne too much

Already.—By the anguish, thou hast seen

Me suffer !—By the agonies, unknown

Of all but my own soul !—By the fierce hell

Of helpless hopeless passion, that must burn

Till death its fires shall quench !—where doth she

dwell ?

DIEGO. (*aside.*) Heav'n guard him from Ximena's malady!—

(*aloud.*) Only be calm, and I will show thee where.

Dost thou discern yon villa to the right,

Fast by the river-bank?

ROD. Ay, 'tis the king's.

DIEGO. There doth she dwell. He is her father now.

ROD. *There! the king her father now!* Wolves and lambs!

DIEGO. Blow not suspicion on the sacred ray

Of royalty, that cheers thy drooping flow'r.

ROD. Yes! for her sweetness to perfume a court.

Hah! hah! hah! hah!

DIEGO. (*aside*) Pray God preserve his wits!

(*aloud*) Laugh not at misery.

ROD. Who but thyself

Durst sport with mine?—What seekest thou?

DIEGO. — my son.

If thou *canst* listen, hear. Ximena hath

Affliction's heaviest visitation met.

She hath been

ROD. —out with it! My mind is so

Accustom'd to the reptiles of its gloom,  
It hath made friendship even with them all.  
She hath been ?

DIEGO. mad.

ROD. They spit their venom now !  
I 'll go to her.

DIEGO. Then art thou madder still.

ROD. I 'll burst through all his guards !

DIEGO. Thou burst through all  
His guards ! alas ! a child might buff thee down !  
Thou scarce canst totter.

ROD. Totter !

*(Staggers across the stage, and seizes a sword, hanging up on  
the wainscoat.)*

DIEGO. Hold ! rash boy !  
Canst thou not hear the call of Reason ?

ROD. No :  
Her drony drum is muffled by Despair !

DIEGO. Shame on such lovesick weakness ! shame I say !  
Think on our sulli'd name, wash'd pure again,  
By thine own valour in our wronger's blood !

ROD. Curs'd be that valour ! clotty is that blood !  
 It glues my hand ! it suffocates my heart !  
 I cannot with the one the other strike !

(*The hand of RODERIGO is seen trembling with agitation, as he points the weapon to his breast.*)

DIEGO. Strike, then, my father's son, but spare me mine !  
 (bare *his bosom.*)

Look on this old and batter'd breast. If there  
 A parricide can still find room, strike on !  
 But as thy crime, so stand thy stab—apart !  
 Touch not a scar, that Glory there hath left !  
 I do defy thee to descry a place :  
 This breast is all her own. Strike, then, my heart !  
 Cut its old strings, ere yet with grief they crack !  
 Strike it before it break ! Strike, madman ! strike !

(*RODERIGO lets the sword drop, and falls down senseless.*)

Help, fellows ! help ! he faints ! he faints ! help ! help !  
 (Two or three servants run in, and bear RODERIGO to his  
 couch, where he soon is heard sobbing convulsively.)

Kind heav'n be prais'd ! these tears have sav'd my  
 son !

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *A retired part of the grounds of Ximena's new residence. An old chapel in the foreground. The moon just rising.*

RODERIGO. (*entering cautiously.*)

'Tis well. This labyrinth had maz'd my steps,  
But for old Marcos' honest clue. There gleams  
The lightning-blasted cedar he describ'd.  
And hither doth she come, on moonlit nights,  
E'en by Elvira unattended, as  
He saith, to mourn, and meditate, and pray.  
None dare her lonely orisons disturb.  
So hath ordain'd our feeling Sovereign,  
Who by his royal presence ne'er hath thrown  
Suspicion on his motives. With this arm,  
Once more to strength restor'd, such kingly grace,  
Should life be spar'd, will I one day repay.  
What 's here, that seems some antiquated chapel  
With mossy cushion ? nothing doth it bear  
To show its dedication, save these few  
Funereal flowers, that smell of yesterday.

What was that sound ? the throbbing of my heart  
Again ? this eve gone by, may its dull beat  
Be hush'd for ever ! I already find  
The real punishment's to live, not die.  
Far more than death I dread an interview,  
For which far more than life I 'd gladly risk.

*(He listens, then hastily conceals himself. XIMENA enters with a small wreath.)*

XIM. My flowers begin to fail me. These are all  
I 've cull'd to-day, to offer with my pray'r.

*(She enters the chapel, and takes off the faded wreath, replacing it with the fresh one. She throws the former into the stream, running by.)*

Go, go your ways, ye wither'd short-liv'd things !  
Ye are as frail as mortal happiness.  
Duration dwells above, and there I fix.

*(She reenters the chapel, where she kneels and prays, while RODERIGO steals from where he had concealed himself, and kneels, so as to be seen by XIMENA on coming forth from the chapel. His face is shrouded in his mantle. On beholding him*

*in that attitude, XIMENA seems undecided to stay or go. At last she speaks.)*

Hide not thy face: my heart betrays thy name.  
What dost thou here? kneel'st thou to Heav'n or me?  
Both hast thou outrag'd. For thy sin to *Him*,  
May all my trials—reason overthrown,  
Hope crush'd, love blighted, young heart broken—  
win thee

Thy God's forgiveness ! For thy wrongs to *me*,  
I struggle to forget them. Answer not,  
But go the way thou cam'st.—(*going.*)

**Rod.** (in a low tone) **Ximena !**

**ROD.** **Nothing.**

ROD. *(in a louder tone)* Ximena!

XIM. GO

While yet thou mayst. These trees have all a  
tongue.

**Rod.** If thou didst ever

**Xim.** —hist! his spirit hears

Each word, and counts the very syllables.

Away!—(*going.*)

**Rod.** (*louder still*) Ximena!—(*rises from his knees, and hurries towards her.*)

**Xim.** Fly, if thou wouldst live!—(*listens anxiously.*)

**Rod.** Life without hope is death: I've naught to lose.

**Xim.** Still selfish as before, of *me* thou ne'er

Dost think. Is 't not enough, that I with thee  
Thus risk my own esteem, but thou must needs  
Proclaim my weakness to the treacherous air?

(*listens again.*)

If, as thou say'st, life without hope is death,  
What without honour would it be?

**Rod.** The thing,  
That injur'd honour, unaveng'd, would be.



XIM. Check that presumptuous and exulting tone !  
Was it for thee, with spendthrift petulance,  
To play such fearful stakes ? Was it for thee,  
With bold and self-commission'd arm, to mar  
Th' Almighty's work ? Who gifted thee with power  
To ply so soon the orphan-making trade ?  
Who order'd thee to smite me to the dust,  
And trample on my feelings, till I crawl'd  
Like an insensate reptile on the earth ?  
Who order'd thee to pile upon my young  
And inoffensive head a mass of ills,  
Too mighty to endure ?

ROD. I had no choice.

XIM. Thou mean'st, no love for me.

ROD. The wrong was great.

XIM. So should thy mind have been.

ROD. And 'gainst my sire.

XIM. Could he not right *himself* ?

ROD. He was too old

To 'venge his house's fame.

**ROD.** Take, then, the sword.

XIM. I dare not even look upon the blade:  
It is so blotted with my father's blood.  
My duty bids me pardon thee the past,  
But we must never, never meet again.

Rod. I'll trouble thee no more.—(*walks in the direction of the villa.*)

XIM. Roderigo !  
This path will lead thee to thy doom.

Rod. And that  
To my despair. I choose between the *two*.  
(*walking as before.*)

XIM. Spare my weak brain : it hath been craz'd already.

ROD. Thou hast been happier, then, than I ; for still  
O'er mine did Reason mount her wretched guard.  
I have dragg'd through a century of woe,  
Though in my years so young. I have liv'd o'er  
—Yea ! times more many than the sphered stars,  
That spangle yon celestial canopy—  
Each moment of our love.

XIM. —Speak not of that.—

ROD. E'en from the hour, when, sad and undeceiv'd  
In its oft-baffled, oft-renew'd pursuit  
Of some congenial mind, with thine mine own  
First met and lov'd.—Thou wert the blissful coast,  
For which so long its chartless course it steer'd.—  
Thou wert my dream, vouchsaf'd and bodied forth  
From my tranc'd soul. I woke and found thee, like  
Another Eve, sweet-smiling at my side.—  
I lov'd—I honour'd—for I fear'd thee. When  
My timorous hand first felt the thrill of thine,  
Of thy timidity was I afraid.

As the child runs from what he frightens, or  
The thirsty ring-dove cowers its silly plume  
At its peck'd semblance in the startled spring,  
So did the tremor of thy blush call up  
A sympathetic coward to my cheek.

But Time emboldens Love ; and I became  
More confident, though silent still. So full  
Of joy I was, I had no room for words.

The thousand tongues of heav'n and earth were all  
Interpreters. *Mine*, like the o'erladen bee,  
Clogg'd with the luscious cargo of my thoughts,  
Could syllable but sighs. This could not last.

Theirs was a borrow'd voice at best. Love's self  
Remain'd to speak ; and pantingly he spoke,  
When first my passion-fever'd lip drank in  
The nectar-kiss of thine. That epoch doth  
Th' authentic annals of my heart commence.  
It's light romancing page of thitherto  
Was but the fabling record of a fond  
Misguided aspiration after love.

The vows, I utter'd at *thy* altar, reach'd  
Far, far beyond the transitory hour:  
I swore them unto *Time* as well as *thee*.

(*XIMENA* hides her face with one hand, while with the other  
she motions him to silence.)

I dare not ask thee to recall that date;  
Still may we o'er its recollection weep.  
Thou would'st have cause to shudder at my sight,  
Had not stern Honour forc'd me to the deed.  
Thou would'st have cause to ban me from thy heart,  
And set the price of hate upon my head,  
Had not brief-exil'd Love, returning fierce,  
With pains of wrath and penalties of fire  
Thy short proscription and his own aveng'd.  
Thou would'st have cause to strip me of the poor  
Pittance, still left me from the wreck of Hope,  
Had not the black-wing'd hurricane of fate  
Upon a barren shore thy lover cast  
To feed awhile on bitterness and die.

**XIM.** Roderigo! dear Roderigo!

**Rod.** Now

May Heaven's imperishable scroll record  
A word, that wafts my pardon to its gate !

**Xim.** Alas ! shall Love's fond finger never press  
A flow'r so gently but the odour flies !

**Rod.** Oh ! my Ximena !

**Xim.** Look not at me thus !  
Our paths must lie apart.

**Rod.** Yet once how near,  
How scarcely sever'd, were the banks, whence we  
Our happy vows exchang'd ! Two fatal months !

**Xim.** If thou dost feel

**Rod.** —thou knowest, that I do ;  
Since the sweet seraph, in thy voice that dwells,  
Doth fail to calm this tempest of my tears.

*(The bell of the Oratory of the Villa rings.)*

**Xim.** Away, or thou art lost ! I have my time  
O'erstay'd. Begone, and live for happier days.  
Go, as thou cam'st.

**Rod.** Ximena !

XIM.

Fly ! they come !

(RODERIGO *is barely gone, when enter ELVIRA and MARCOS.*)

ELVIRA. Thou truant ! here yet loitering so long !

Come, we are late : the Vespers-bell hath ceas'd.

[*Exeunt.*

## LINES TO MY CHILDREN.

---

SWEET pair ! the gift of bounteous heav'n above !  
Son of my hope, and daughter of my love !  
In whose reflecting lineaments I see  
The mother's traits, thus doubly dear to me !  
In whom, thus shouting on the litter'd floor,  
I seem to live a second childhood o'er,  
Each game of noisy infancy revive,  
Anew each feat of waggery contrive,  
And light once more my father's heart with joy,  
When he was nothing but a bigger boy !—  
And I, a father now, in turn can feel  
My father's feelings, and his pleasure tell

To view his busy urchin on the ground  
With pilfer'd twine his fetter'd legs surround,  
As ye, this moment, crept beneath my chair,  
Encircling tie your parent playmate's there.—  
Ah ! happy season ! happy happy age !  
When life 's a book, with pictures in each page ;  
Its simple rudiments, in colours taught,  
To lure attention, and prepare the thought  
For many an after tome of heavy lore,  
When painted stories can beguile no more,  
But disappointment, suffering, and grief  
Weep o'er the truth, and blister every leaf !—  
My children ! rich in promise, as ye be,—  
The glory of your mother and of me—  
Must, then, this dreaming, guileless time alas !  
So soon be over, and the vision pass ?  
Must these young eyes for real sorrows gush ?  
These now unconscious cheeks be taught to blush ?  
This man, this woman, of another day,  
Must troubles try, and errors lead astray ?

—Love, friendship, sympathy, all human cheats,  
That proffer victories, and bring defeats!—  
They must; and ye, should life so long endure,  
Must run the race, that youth has run before,  
The same perplexing round of hopes and fears;  
Of giddy gaieties and blinding tears;  
Of vague pursuits, and pleasures without aim;  
Or idle graspings at the shade of fame;  
Of candour, chang'd for hollow courtesy,  
And homely truth, for polish'd perfidy;  
Till, disabus'd, ye pause upon the brink  
Of deep disgust, and learn at last to think!—  
Meanwhile I love,—ay daily more and more  
Love what I pity, prize what I deplore,

—The briefness of that single-hearted grace;  
That open show of soul upon the face;  
That native nakedness, that knows no shame;  
Those glorious gleams of heaven, whence ye came;  
That enviable ignorance, more worth  
Than all the cunning, that would compass earth



And sea for metals, pearls, and gluttonies ;  
That unsophisticated Paradise ;  
Those artless looks, that innocence informs ;  
Those genuine kisses, that affection warms ;  
Those babbled words, half nonsense and half sense ;  
Those threats of beautiful impertinence ;  
That girlish pout ; that puerile assault ;  
That dear contrition for the baby fault ;  
Those stifling sobs ; and vows, made o'er and o'er,  
To heed the future, and offend no more !—  
And thus, my children ! is it, that in you,  
Whose present selves my former self renew,  
I love whate'er reminds me of the past,  
And mourn for what I know can never last !—  
Still is the world not all a blank, my boy !  
Save where the feelings waste without employ.  
Though Man is born to duties, stern and hard,  
Those duties done, he reaps a sure reward,  
—Self-satisfaction, self-respect, content,  
Th' allotted talent neither hid, nor spent

On worthless things, on wine or wantonness,  
Nor swell'd to wealth by vile usuriousness—  
Not meanly buried from the light of day,  
Nor, cast to swine, as basely fool'd away,  
But for his own and others' profit lent  
And us'd, according to his Lord's intent.—  
Such prove my son's hereafter aim ! and thou,  
My daughter ! with the fair and open brow,  
Mayst thou, to woman gradually grown,  
Observe and make her attributes thine own !  
Be placid, meek, affectionate, and true,  
And ever keep thy station in thy view,  
That men may talk not of thee, or, if talk,  
May praise thy modest mien, thy gentle walk,  
Thy quiet vesture, thy retiring eye,  
Thy tone, nor falsely soft, nor boldly high,  
Thy converse, unaffected, yet refin'd,  
Thy knowledge, suited to a female mind,  
With every charm, that, like the shaded bloom,  
Whose veiling leaves enhance its fine perfùme,

Sheds round the sex a sweet attractive pow'r,  
And, unobtrusive, only wins the more!—  
And should for thee rejoicing Hymen light  
His torch, and offspring bless thy loving sight;  
Should wedded cares engross thy riper age,  
And fond maternal offices engage  
Thy well-fill'd hours, and rival cherubs climb  
Thy lap—mayst thou, my daughter! in that time,  
To happy husband, happy children, be  
The all thy mother is to me and thee!

---

## MORNIN G HYMN.

---

On God ! who bidd'st yon morning sun  
His round of daily duty run ;  
Disperse the shadows of the night ;  
Regild the world with welcome light ;  
Call up the music of the brake ;  
The incense of the flow'r awake ;  
Protect the timid ; scare the bad ;  
Revive the drooping ; cheer the sad ;  
Shed beauty here, and brilliance there ;  
And joy and comfort every where !—  
E'en thus, O God ! whose wonders be  
Throughout the earth, and air, and sea,  
Vouchsafe, that I, thy creature dear,

In this my humble human sphere,  
My small but useful round may run  
As duteously as yonder sun ;  
May chase each inward mist away  
By warm devotion's early ray ;  
Attune my soul ; uplift mine eye  
To heav'n, in heart-felt piety ;  
Befriend the friendless ; soothe the mourner ;  
Exhort the modest ; shame the scorner ;  
Show pity here ; forbearance there ;  
And play the Christian every where !

---

## INSCRIPTION FOR A BURIAL-PLACE.

---

STRANGER ! whom chance or choice hath hither led  
To glean a solemn moral from the dead,  
Lo ! thine own history lies thy feet beneath,  
Dust in thy life, and ashes at thy death !  
If *youth* be thine, each early tomb survey,  
Nor fondly trust the treachery of a day ;  
If *beauty*, here no spell thine eyes can know  
Nor win with smiles the loveless gloom below ;  
If *wealth*, the sum of all thy riches see  
In the poor mound, that soon must cover thee ;  
If *rank*, behold the limits of thy line  
—The worm extirpates nobler names than thine !

If *wit*, within thy brain's deserted hall,  
Shall reptiles soon in sluggish coldness crawl :  
Then since nor *youth*, nor *beauty*, *wealth*, *rank*, *wit*, can save,  
Pass on, nor learn in vain this lesson from the grave !

---

## STRANGER HEARTS.

---

“ And the Lord said, Whereunto, then, shall I liken  
“ the men of this generation ? and to what are they like ?

“ They are like unto children, sitting in the market-  
“ place, and calling one to another, and saying, We have  
“ piped unto you, and ye have not danced : we have  
“ mourned to you, and ye have not wept.”—*St. Luke*,  
ch. vii. v. 31, 32.

---

We 've piped to you, and ye have not danced :

We 've mourn'd to you, and ye have not wept.

With kindred hearts ye ne'er to us advanced :

In weal and woe aloof ye still have kept.

The world 's a blank—our life 's a waste of sadness,  
Where joy is mute, and comfort never cheers ;  
Where none unite to raise the song of gladness,  
Or drink together at the fount of tears.

Our lines have fallen not in pleasant places—  
The desart our inheritance hath been,  
Enliven'd ne'er by those congenial faces,  
That charm each track, and brighten every scene.  
Alone we 've hop'd—alone we have desponded—  
Alone we 've journey'd on and plodded by—  
Nor hope nor grief to our's hath e'er responded—  
Friendless we 've liv'd, and friendless must we die !

---

## ALCAIC STANZA BY GRAY.

---

OH ! Lachrymarum Fons ! tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater  
Felix, in imo qui scatentem  
Pectore te, pia Nympha ! sentit !

---

(TRANSLATED.)

OH ! Fount of Tears ! whose sacred sources be  
In the soft breast ; how four-times happy he,  
Who, pious Nymph ! can feel thee gently rushing  
From thy deep bed, and in his bosom gushing !

## S T A N Z A S.

---

When Hope grows dim, and shines no more

Along the midnight vale of years,  
And hearts, too far misled, deplore  
A gleam, that only sank in tears,

How sadly still those hearts return

To scenes, where Memory haunts the shade ;  
Where forms of sorrow meet and mourn,  
By Friendship left, or Love betray'd !

## P R I D E.

---

Alonzo. What is your scorn-defying corslet? pride?  
A flimsy jeer would traverse it.—Go to.—  
Thou art too choleric to be proud, and lett'st  
Resentment bide too near unto thy lips.  
True pride is calm, and, like that wondrous  
flood,  
Which sailors call the bottomless, is deep—  
deep—deep.  
The searching ray of high Prosperity  
Scans not the proud man's breast; and, in the  
loss  
Of joy-rigg'd Hope, the force of his own soul  
Doth bear him up and onward, like a cork.—

Pride is not an acquirement, but a nature ;  
And not, like casual wealth, to be bequeath'd  
To hectoring boys and vapoury vapid girls,  
Whose sordid sires did think to purchase it  
With their congenial gold. Such is not pride,  
But its mere paltry venal image, which  
Fortune hawks up and down, for baby minds  
To prize and spoil like any other toy.

*(From an unpublished Drama.)*

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## HAPPINESS.

---

GUZMAN. My son ! Man's life, alternate light and shade,  
With change is chequer'd. His best interval  
Of happiness, like the Ethiop king's, is but  
A ten-days' history of hopes and fears.—  
Hath he a choice of pleasures ? the *first* sunset  
Doth find him still in doubt on which to fix.  
Ere yet the flatterers of his would-be joy  
Can teach their lips the studied, look'd-for smile,  
The *second* day is gone. Some goblin dream  
Doth cast its shapeless shadow o'er the *third*.  
The *fourth* is vigour, fancy, frolic, mirth,  
Till lo ! a serpent hisses from the flow'rs,  
And puts his crew of laughers to the rout.

Would he their mercenary glee bribe back  
With pearly prizes, and with gifts of gold,  
Dissatisfaction murmurs at the *fifth*.  
The promise of the *sixth* base Envy mars.  
Unask'd Remembrance waits upon the *sev'nth*.  
Pale Sickness in the bosom of his home  
Dawns on the *eighth*. The *ninth* is blank with  
Death ;  
And sable Sorrow weeps away the *tenth*.—  
What matters who the circling health may  
pledge,  
That, wine-buoy'd, on the rosy surface floats,  
Since, at the very banquet of a king,  
The solemn imp of Disappointment comes,  
And spits within the bowl ?—Or old or young,  
It is our weakness o'er some dream of earth  
Too long to linger, and still idly turn  
To sunlike Hope, that, near us seeming, drops  
Behind the distant verge of human tears.—

(*From the same.*)

## E L E G Y.

---

ALREADY in the tomb ! so young—so fair—  
So fac'd—so form'd—so flatter'd—and now there !  
So 'press'd with life, yet so contented still  
To bear thy portion of its crushing ill !  
So pleas'd, at each short interval of health,  
To hide from anguish, and be gay by stealth,  
Till Sickness found the runaway once more,  
And coop'd thee in thy chamber as before !—  
Alas ! could nothing of his sting disarm  
Death, the old adder, proof 'gainst every charm ?  
Could nothing, Mary ! nothing, nothing save  
Thee, his poor victim, from an early grave ?  
Thy pleading face—thy deprecating form—  
Too wan—too wasted—to allure the worm—

Thy gentle head, inclining to the blow  
Of the same fate, that laid a brother low—  
Thy patient spirit, cheerful and resign'd  
To pangs, that wrung thy body, not thy mind—  
Thy last fond wish, on dissolution's brink,  
To staunch the tears of them, that saw thee sink—  
Could father, brother, sister, lover, friend,  
Could nothing shield thee from this timeless end ?  
Could nothing guard thee from the fangs of Death,  
Nor snatch thee from the poison of his breath ?  
No : stern, obtuse, malignant, and unmov'd,  
Blind to the lovely, loveless to the lov'd,  
And far more ruthless than the tempest's stroke,  
Which spares the willow, and uproots the oak,  
The Viper aim'd his venom'd spite at thee,  
Nor bade thy weakness thy protection be !—  
And art thou dead ? become as one of those,  
O'er whom the yew its sadd'ning shadow throws ?  
Of those, that, buried in their vaulted sleep,  
Mourn with no mourners, weep with none that weep,

Cold as the stones, that sepulchre their clay,  
As deaf, as mute, as motionless as they ?—  
But *art* thou dead ?—(alas ! that awful word !  
How many a breast it pierces like a sword !)—  
What dead ? quite dead ? for ever, ever gone  
To that drear land, whence none, that go, return ?  
Where all is blank unconsciousness, and voice  
Is never heard to murmur or rejoice—  
Where heart doth never beat, and never eye  
Doth drop a tear, nor bosom breathe a sigh—  
But where the attributes of being be  
As obsolete and passionless as thee !—  
Yes ! thou art dead ! and they, that in thy face  
Could each dear index of affection trace,  
Those welcome signs must never more survey,  
Irrevocably gone, like yesterday !—  
Thy place is vacant in their house and heart,  
Who muse on what thou wast—and what thou art—  
A shape to love—an object to create  
Emotions, bordering on all we hate—

A living creature—and a senseless clod—  
—How fearful are the visitings of God!—  
Who, that hath known thee in thine hour of ease,  
And mark'd thy varied willingness to please—  
Who, that hath heard thee join the vocal strain  
(Some air that brought thy childhood back again,  
What time thy happy and approving sire  
Stood forth the leader of his little quire)—  
Who, that hath seen thee cast each ache away,  
To drill thy sister's cherubs at their play,  
The sergeant of their sports, their laughing head,  
—No, Mary! no—thou never canst be *dead*!—  
Yet wherefore else this melancholy show  
Of death? these dark habiliments of woe?  
This sombre silence in thy sister's room?  
Her husband's brow of unaccustom'd gloom?  
Thy name unnam'd, or only nam'd with tears,  
As some chance record of thyself appears,  
Some flashing thought, some momentary gleam  
Of days, when thou wert other than a dream?

"Tis all too true ! the fatal shaft hath sped,  
And, Mary ! thou art number'd with the dead !—  
But when—its bloom, its beauty, and its breath,  
Spoilt, crush'd, and tainted, by the touch of Death,—  
Some human blossom withers to the view,  
Like pale-leaf'd flowers, unfriended by the dew,  
For them that witness'd the devoted maid  
Droop with each hour, and gradually fade,  
Is there no balm, no gain, no reas'ning yet  
Can soften grief, can qualify regret,  
Can teach surviving love its loss to bear,  
And thank the tomb for comfort, even there ?  
There is. In common with the virgin crowd,  
Whose wedding-garment is the vestal shroud,  
By dying early, thou art plac'd above  
The reach of cares, that wait on happiest love,  
—Some son, some daughter, smitten by decline,  
Resembling thus thy brother's doom and thine—  
By dying early thou hast well defied  
The joint decoy of Vanity and Pride—

Of Vanity, that bends on self her eyes—  
Of Pride, that bids all else but self despise—  
By dying early, thou hast shunn'd for aye  
Those mortal wisps, that mock us on our way—  
By dying early, thou hast nothing lost,  
Save what in life is never worth the cost,  
Joys, rashly cull'd, and follow'd by a smart,  
And pleasures, purchas'd with a waste of heart,  
And dreams for gold, and air for substance taken,  
Nabobs asleep, and beggars when we waken !  
By dying early, thou hast gain'd the end  
To where what millions miserably tend !  
Nor mourn'd the future fading of the dyes  
Of Hope, that be at best but painted lies ;  
Nor idly after some fine folly run,  
Like children, that pursue the setting sun  
By dying early, thou hast left behind  
The double curse, entail'd upon thy Kind,  
—A feeble body, and an erring mind !

## B A L L A D.

---

TIRCIS ! je n'ose  
Ecouter ton chalumeau,  
Sous l'ormeau,  
Car on en cause  
Déjà dans notre hameau.  
    . . . . .   un berger  
    . . . . .   s'engager  
    . . . . .   sans danger,  
Et toujours l'épine est sous la rose.

*Fragment of an old ballad, preserved by  
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.*

No, Thirsis, I dare not attend to the sound  
Of thy pipe, nor together with thee  
At the soft hour of twilight so often be found  
Thus to linger beneath the elm-tree ;

For the young maidens smile, and the old mothers say,  
While my blushes tell all I'd conceal,  
That a nightingale sings at the close of each day  
In the bow'r where my Thirsis, in trimmest array,  
Is seen o'er the meadows to steal.

They read me the lesson, all taught them by age,  
On the risk a fond damsel must run,  
When her weak little heart she would blindly engage  
To the shepherd her prudence should shun.  
They say, as in silence I gaze on the ground,  
And my conscious cheek guiltily glows,  
How light are the fetters Love's winglets around ;  
How his tiniest arrows are tipp'd with a wound ;  
How the thorn ever lurks 'neath the rose !

---

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF  
A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

---

WHEN Cain, vile Man ! had prov'd your nature prone  
To make the brute's worst attributes your own,  
Just Heav'n transferr'd, to keep the balance true,  
To *me* those gifts it wasted upon *you*.  
Save *Reason*, to conceive the serpent, *Spite*,  
And *Speech*, to throw the viper into light.  
Thus, to the truth though *Pride* would have us blind,  
In th' other each his long-lost self may find !

---

ON HEARING M. EULENSTEIN'S  
WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE ON THE JEWS'-HARP.

---

I DEEM'D their date for ever gone,  
—Titania and Oberon ;  
But, minstrel, thy small magic strain  
Hath brought that era back again.  
It is the strain the people sing  
Before their fairy queen and king,  
Whene'er aside their state they lay,  
And keep another holiday.—

The mimic march, I hear thee sound,  
Precedes them to the tented ground,  
—(Some twilight vale, or moonlit hill)—  
And there they gambol as they will.

Part in a giddy circle whirl,  
And part the gauzy flag unfurl,  
And prick as bravely o'er the plain,  
As erst the knights of Charlemagne.

With needle-lance and acorn-shield  
The doughty champions take the field ;  
And thrust and parry, foil and pass,  
With swords as big as blades of grass.  
Some, spirited by daring youth,  
Assail the beetle and the moth,  
Or run an airy tilt on high  
'Gainst the belated butterfly.

Anon thou strik'st a merry key,  
Inspiring joke and trickery.  
In laughing bands the antics go  
On the old scolding crone, their foe,

Their puny wrath once more to wreak.  
Some slyly twitch her wither'd neck ;  
Some tear her ruff ; some slit her gown ;  
Some throw her Sunday tea-pot down.—

And now thou shiftest to a note  
More sweet than gush'd from Ariel's throat,  
As, warbling from his viewless stand,  
He charm'd the soul of Ferdinand.  
This breathing spell is surely spun  
Of gales, that wake at set of sun,  
And, rambling from their western home,  
Amid the blushing roses roam !

But lo ! the list'ning elfish host  
In deep astonishment are lost,  
And martial feat and roguish sleight  
Have vanish'd at this soft delight !

In pairs they leave the glimpsy glade ;  
In pairs they seek the purple shade ;  
In pairs their little hands they link,  
And stray to where the turtles drink.

'Tis love ! for subtle love pervades  
Nature in all her various grades,  
And e'en these pure æthereial things  
Down to our human level brings.  
  
'Tis love, to which thy music draws  
Both them and me ; but ask the cause,  
And, like thy raptur'd fairies, I  
Can only answer with a sigh.

---

**ALL, ALL, YEA! ALL IS VAIN!**

OR

**THE LAST DAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.**

**ADAPTED TO A SPANISH CHAUNT.**

---

**All, all, yea ! all is vain !**  
**Each hope we cherish'd,**  
**To hear that voice again,**  
**In turn hath perish'd !**  
**The mind away hath pass'd—**  
**The frame is sinking fast—**  
**The man 's a wreck at last—**  
**And hope hath perish'd !**

Chang'd, chang'd—already hoar,  
The tree, that hasted  
To bear its lavish store,  
Itself hath wasted !  
Yet, while ye view its dearth,  
Recall its former worth,  
Nor ask why grieves the earth,  
To see it blasted.

Dry, dry, for ever dry.  
The wondrous fountain,  
Whose streams ran gushing by,  
Beyond all counting,  
Shrunk to its lowest bed,  
Hides there its buried head,  
Whence now no waters spread  
O'er vale or mountain.

Delv'd, delv'd, and fathom'd quite,  
The mine's exhausted,  
That sent such ore to light,  
As wealth ne'er boasted !  
No vein is left to work—  
Nought now therein doth lurk,  
Save dross and darkness murk,  
And soil exhausted !

---

## THE DEATH OF BUONAPARTE.

---

STRETCH'D on his mortal couch he lies,  
The leader of a million men,  
For death weighs heavy on his eyes,  
That soon must ne'er unclose again.  
Alas ! what eager thousands ran  
To gaze upon that wondrous man !  
But now the few, that near him stay,  
Would gladly turn their face away !

They saw him, in his prime of pow'r,  
A victor on his circled throne ;  
They see him, at his latest hour,  
A dying captive, and alone !

They saw him, with the morning's light,  
Call up his forces to the fight,  
Advance the standard, point the gun,  
And show how victories were won.

They saw him, on his foaming steed,  
The livelong day ride up and down,  
With eagle glance, and eagle speed,  
Till all the battle was his own !

They saw him, when the owl did flit,  
Beside his wounded Frenchmen sit ;  
And, when the dead of night befell,  
Relieve the sleeping sentinel !

His marshals rang'd on either hand,  
They saw, within his regal hall,  
Assembled Kings before him stand,  
And he the master of them all !

A jewell'd cap was on his head,  
But they were each unbonnetted—  
That cap is struck to earth, and now  
The death-sweat 's all, that gems his brow !

Upon a bleak and barren isle,  
Where vapours round his dwelling wreath,  
And spring is rarely known to smile,  
The prison'd chief resigns his breath.  
He dies—but not as *he* should die,  
Amid the conflict's varied cry,  
—The rush, the rout, the clang, the tramp,  
Of horse and foot, and charger's champ.

No martial sight, no martial sound,  
That fits the close of such career—  
No weeping soldiers, kneeling round,  
His broken-hearted spirit cheer !

Nor flying flag, nor beating drum,  
Nor braying trump must near him come,  
But waters, many a fathom deep,  
Disturb his last inglorious sleep !

Thus finishes his life's romance  
The leader of a million men !  
—A meteor, that volcanic France  
Shot up, to see it sink again !—  
He stepp'd on Fortune's whirling wheel,  
And gain'd its giddy top, and fell,  
Because his soul disdain'd to learn,  
That wheels, when at their highest, turn !

Enough !—the exile's in his grave !  
The conqueror's become a clod !  
The willows o'er his ashes wave,  
Where he himself had mark'd the sod !

Whate'er the lavish blood he spilt,  
Whate'er his grandeur or his guilt,  
His sun hath set, with who to see  
Its rays of parting majesty ?

---

## THE SAILS ARE LOOS'D.

---

THE sails are loos'd—farewell to land !  
Farewell to all the ties of shore !  
To them, that stretch the parting hand—  
To those, our arms may clasp no more !  
The last adieu, the long embrace,  
As, lip to lip, and face to face,  
The bitter tears together run,  
Steep the sad kiss, and melt in one,  
Be trials unto them, that part,  
Which well may shake the stoutest heart !

I've seen the rattling, flashing skies  
Discharge their torrents on the deck—  
I've heard the wolfish blast arise,  
That left my mangled ship a wreck !  
But bursting cloud, nor howling wind,  
Have ever so unmann'd my mind,  
As gazing on a weeping eye,—  
As list'ning to a struggling sigh.—  
I've brav'd the storm, nor known a fear,  
Yet suffer at a woman's tear !

The sails are set—we slowly drop  
Adown the careless Ocean's tide,  
That recks not, if on earth we stop,  
Or o'er the realms of water glide.  
His duty is to come and go,  
To rise and fall, to ebb and flow,  
Nor heedeth he, if such as I  
Rejoice or mourn, or laugh or sigh.  
—For all his wealth, I would not be  
As callous and as cold as he !

Whate'er your man of stone may say,  
Their hearts be sure the bravest beat,  
That most at Nature's kindly sway  
Themselves forego, themselves forget.  
In all my battles have I found  
Such hearts to be most whole and sound,  
For he, who pitied him, when low,  
Was he, that best could quell his foe.  
Now they, whose stoic souls condemn  
Such feelings, how I feel for them !

The sails are fill'd—away we sweep,  
Like sea-birds, that pursue their prey,  
Athwart the surface of the deep,  
As rapid in our flight as they !  
Like petrels, ere the coming gale,  
With herald wings, that flag nor fail,  
Without a let, without a stay,  
We skim along, and scud away,  
And distance both the wave and wind,  
Yet cannot leave our thoughts behind !

In other climes, from all we love,  
Another moon shall find us far—  
Find *us*—but, proof against remove,  
Our *thoughts* shall be where now they are.  
As helmsmen, of a misty night,  
Oft steer by some undevious light  
Towards the distant, destin'd shore,  
So, till this weary cruize be o'er,  
Our souls shall guide their longings by  
The pilot-star of Memory !

---

## SHE 'S ON THE SEA.

---

SHE 's on the sea—our glorious ship !  
She hails the flood—she greets the foam—  
She 's left the dock—she 's off the slip—  
And launch'd upon her buoyant home !  
Her race begun, from deep to deep  
Through storm and tempest shall she sweep,  
And, arm'd with heart of oak, shall go  
To brave the fight, and beat the foe !  
Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !  
And, arm'd with heart of oak, shall go  
To brave the fight, and beat the foe !—

She 's come from sea—our batter'd ship !

Each mast 's a wreck—each sail 's a rag—

Her spars the shot was seen to strip,—

For all was struck—except her flag !

That flag above the smoke on high

Awhile beheld its rival fly ;

But, when the cannon's roar was done,

That flag was flying all alone !

Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

But, when the cannon's roar was done,

That flag was flying all alone !

She 's fit for sea—our gallant ship !

Ay, ev'ry plank, from stem to stern,

She 's fit to take another trip,

And bid the tide of battle turn !

She longs once more to plough the main—

She longs to try her strength again—

For, tir'd of rest, and sick of shore,

She 's fit to conquer as before !

Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

For, tir'd of rest, and sick of shore,

She 's fit to conquer as before !

ONE AND T' OTHER;

OR

THE SEA-FIGHT.

---

“THREE sail ahead ! Three sail ahead !”

*Three strange*

Exclaim'd the looker-out on high,

*sail discovered.*

Soon as the melting mist betray'd

Their pennants in the morning sky.

When thrice upon the three had gaz'd

*Prove to be*

The Captain, with his glass uprais'd,

*the enemy.*

A look he threw around the few,

That form'd his bold and British crew

Who, one and t' other,

With eyes of pride the foe defied,

Another and another.

Then cheerily the Captain spoke : *The Briton's address*

“ Such odds, I own, might fearful seem, *to his crew.*

“ Could I—but no, my hearts of oak !

“ Of you ~~as~~ of myself I deem.

“ For forty years, as man and boy,

“ This trade has been my sole employ ;

“ But, boy or man, since life began,

“ Why, who can say I ever ran

“ From one or t' other ?

“ Don, Dane, and Gaul, I've fac'd 'em all,

“ Another and another.

“ The waves, that hither thither sweep—

“ The winds, that carry here and there—

“ For us one course, one quarter keep,

“ And onward drive, and forward bear.

“ Whate'er our fate, to live or die,

“ The flood, the breeze, is our ally,

“ As though the Sea would only be

“ The passage of the bold and free

“ For one and t' other

“ From off the wave, to chase the slave,

“ Another and another.

“ The Sea, our glorious sire, I say,  
“ His sons doth summon to the fight,  
“ And heaven’s own breath doth blow the way,  
“ And usher on to all but flight;  
“ For, Britons bred, and Britons born,  
“ That path, which leads to shame and scorn  
“ We cannot take, for honour’s sake,  
“ But here our mortal beds may make,  
“ The one by t’ other,  
“ And down the Deep together sleep,  
“ Another and another.

“ My lads ! since sailing from the Nore,  
“ Ye know, forsooth, a gallant ship,  
“ Once in the storm, and once before,  
“ By chance hath giv’n us twice the slip.  
“ Well, in yon centre hull survey  
“ The ‘ Téméraire ’—the runaway !  
“ But shall the foe escape us so,  
“ Because he ’s back’d by numbers ? no,  
“ If, one and t’ other,  
“ Ye ’ll stand by me, and face the three,  
“ Another and another.

“ To me your lives are justly dear,  
“ And valu'd far beyond mine own,  
“ Nor would I, save for something *here*,  
“ Those lives upon this cast were thrown.  
“ That *something* whispers, e'er the Sun  
“ His glorious golden round has run,  
“ Or Eve induc'd Night's silent hours,  
“ No flag shall fly aloft but ours,  
“ But, one and t' other,  
“ Yon banded three shall strike to me,  
“ Another and another.”—  
  
“ They veer ! they veer !”—“ Ay ! let 'em veer,  
“ The wind to catch, the tide to stem !  
“ Nor wind nor tide can bring 'em here  
—“ No matter, boys ! we 'll go to them.  
“ And if we be but one to three,  
“ We 'll gain a triple victory—  
(“ Press sail on sail !)—and if we fail,  
“ Why, who would live to tell a tale,  
“ The one of t' other ?  
“ Then clear the decks, and hoist the jacks,  
“ Another ! boys ! another !”—

From the top-gallant to the hold      *The British crew's*  
A simultaneous shout there flew,      *reception of their*  
And like a peal of thunder roll'd      *Captain's speech.*  
Th' electric answer of the crew !

From yard to yard, from mast to mast,  
That universal answer pass'd,  
As tar to tar, from spar to spar,  
Wav'd back a long and loud hurrah,  
The one to t' other,  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !  
Another and another !

But see ! the ship her canvass crowds, *They make straight*  
And, o'er the dark blue Ocean driven, *for the enemy.*  
Scuds like a rack of summer clouds  
Athwart the azure deep of heaven !  
Her wonted decks for action clear'd,  
Above, beneath, no sound is heard,  
Save where below, in many a row,  
The racing, chasing, billows go,  
One after t' other,  
And bound away, in madd'ning play.  
Another and another.

Her leagued foes, with dauntless front, *And dare them.*

She brav'd at half a cable's length,  
Determin'd to abide the brunt

Of numbers with her single strength.

The flags of Gaul and Dane and Don

She mark'd their several staffs upon—

She mark'd, but flinch'd not, for her own  
Was us'd to conquer all alone.

One time and t' other,  
Her British jack had beaten back  
Another and another..

Then cried the Captain to the three, *Colloquy between*

Who question'd if they kenn'd aright, *the Briton*  
“ My ship is what she seems to be.”— *and the enemy.*

“ Why came ye hither, then ?”—“ to fight.”

“ Ye're one to three 'gainst us in strife.”—

“ I ask no better, on my life !

“ For English blood and English bone

“ Shall soon reduce your three to one.

“ With one and t' other,

“ Each tar of mine shall match of thine

“ Another and another.”—

Out laugh'd the Frenchman with disdain : *The Frenchman's*

“ Now, by the Moon ! your sect that rules, *jeering*

“ I vow to lodge that crazy brain *threat.*

“ Within our Hospital of Fools !”—

“ Commend me to your grace, Monsieur ! *The Briton's*

“ Aught know ye of Cape Finisteere ? *reply.*

“ The tempest sav'd ye then, but not

“ Before ye winc'd beneath my shot.

“ Give him another !

“ And pluck for me his ‘fleur-de-lys !’

“ Another ! boys ! another !”

I pass each minor detail by, *Order of battle.*

Of how they weather'd, tack'd, or wore ;

Suffice it, that alternately

The three upon the Briton bore.

With Gaul and Don, on either side,

He nobly stemm'd the battle's tide,

Albeit the Dane, with might and main,

Stood ready to assist the twain,

When one or t'other

Should cease to pour his iron shower,

Another and another.

And thus, and in this temper, they, *The fight.*

While belch'd the cannon's volley'd breath,  
I th' fiery fog began to play

The reckless game of life and death.

Amid the shrouds Fate dealt the pack,  
Or shook her dice-box on the deck,  
And, as it came, the card would name,  
Or ever and anon would claim

From one or t' other,

The forfeit throw ; and thus they go,  
Another and another !

Lientenants shouting, captains cheering, *The combat*

A thousand voices at their height, *deepens.*  
Commanding, vaunting, taunting, swearing,

And all the Babel of the fight !

Exulting hope, and merriment,  
By disappointment dash'd, and blent  
With sharp and shrill and sudden cries,  
As here and there the splinter flies

At one or t' other,

And th' enter'd brain turns wild with pain  
Another and another !

And as the jargon sounds they heard,  
So were the medley sights they saw,  
—The pelting wreck thrown overboard,  
    Caps, tops, and blocks, not worth a straw!—  
The mast, down-toppling to its foot—  
The rigging, tangled, snapp'd, and cut—  
The rapid flash—the riving crash—  
The headlong plunge—and foamy splash—  
    As one to t' other  
Through clouds of smoke the cannons spoke,  
    Another and another!

Three hours, unslacken'd in this guise, *After three hours'*  
    The mortal combat deadlier grew,      *fighting.*  
And still to flout its enemies  
    Aloft the British bunting flew.  
Away the Spaniard once did steer,  
The Frenchman twice was forc'd to sheer;  
But both again came o'er the main  
In time to save the crippled Dane,  
    And, one and t' other,  
Reopen'd fierce their thundering tiers,  
    Another and another!

In bleeding crowds, with conflict worn,  
 And black with smoke, and faint with sweat,  
 Our tars are down the hatches borne,  
 Regardless of the surgeon's mate.

“Avast there with your wounded, Ben!”—  
 “Yo-ho!”—“Avast! I say again!”—  
 “Yo-ho! Yo-ho!”—“No room below:  
 The cockpit's crowded like a show  
 “With one and t' other,  
 “That shatter'd fall by many a ball,  
 “Another and another!”—

Full worthy of her gallant freight,  
 The vessel held her batter'd bulk  
 Together still, nor even yet  
 Defenceless, though so near a hulk;

For when the Frenchman's cry was heard, *The French-*  
 (“Out with your pikes! the Briton board!”) *man's vain*  
 Her rallying crew like lions flew, *attempt to board*  
 And back the rash assailants threw *the Briton.*

One after t' other,  
 With sword and shot and grappled throat,  
 Another and another!

“ Strike ! strike !” (th’ indignant Frenchman said)

“ Or else no quarter hope from me !”      *Death of the  
French captain.*

And lo ! the answering volley sped,      *French captain.*

And whelm’d him in the careless sea !

The Don, who wist not of his fall,      *The Spanish*

“ Down with your flag !” aloud did call ;      *Captain summons*

“ Enow of slain your decks contain,      *the Briton to*

“ Then let your living so remain,      *surrender.*

“ Lest, one and t’ other,

“ They swell the dead around ye spread,

“ Another and another !”—

“ Bid other captains, other crews,      *The Briton’s*

“ Disgrace their nation and their name,      *refusal.*

“ Between themselves and country choose,

“ And buy their safety with her shame !

“ For me and mine, whilst I or they,

—“ Whilst yet by man of mine, I say,

“ These decks of English oak are trod,

“ That flag shall never strike, by —— !

“ Give ’em another !

“ Their timbers shake ! their bottoms rake !

“ Another ! boys ! another !”

**The brave in Fortune find a friend.**

The next broadside, by happy luck,  
Through where the larboard bow 'gan bend.

The Don 'twixt wind and water struck,  
And forc'd him to career again.

And ere the slow and crippled Dane  
Could limp between his flight to screen

**A stern-shot reach'd his magazine!**      *The Spanish ship*

Then, one and t' other. *blown up.*

**Fire, Ocean, Air, communed there.**

### Another with another!

**Fire bellow'd in that loud explosion—**

Air echo'd like the wilds of yore

## To their own Mammoth—and the Ocean

Wax'd red and wrathful at the roar !

The lab'ring ships like drunkards reel'd

And toss'd, and pitch'd, and lurch'd, and heel'd,

Then righted, but still trembled all,

Like steeds, arisen from a fall,

And, one and t' other,

Though pass'd the shock, were seen to rock

**Another and another!**

The Spaniard's latest fight is fought—

The men, that mann'd her, upward flown—

Her wreck is loosely cast about—

Their bodies on the waters strown !

Some, gifted with a little life,

Just beat the wave in feeble strife,

To Hope still clinging, though Fate is ringing

Her death-bell in their ears, or singing

To one and t' other

Her funeral lay, that calls away

Another and another !

(A sailor, madden'd by his wound,      *A strange sight.*

By some strange hap a mast bestrode,

And 'mid his messmates, sinking round,

With frantic mien and gesture rode,

And roll'd his eyes in hellish glee,

And laugh'd with such ferocity,

No wretch of Bedlam could compare

With that poor maniac floating there,

As, one and t' other,

He thrust 'em down, and help'd to drown

Another and another !

It was a fearful thing to see  
 That madman on his mast astride,  
 And hear his horrid gaiety,  
 When hush'd was every sound beside ;  
 For that hyaena laugh still rose  
 When e'en the cannons made a pause,  
 And, when the desp'rate swimmer's grip  
 He felt, that laugh was on his lip,  
 Till, one and t'other,  
 The flood beneath, they join'd in death  
 Another and another.)

Encumber'd by the Spaniard's wreck,  
 That, pouring from a viewless height,  
 Clogs her already-hamper'd deck,  
 The Dane 's unfit for fray or flight !  
 Beneath that storm's resistless sway,  
 Her stoutest planks have given way,  
 While, mingled with the rattling rain,  
 Are seen the carcases of men,  
 That, one and t' other,  
 From shroud to shroud drop all abroad  
 Another and another !

*Plight of  
the Dane.*

The luckless Don to pieces blown,                   *The Frenchman*  
 Th' embarrass'd Dane of pow'r bereft,           *cowed.*  
 Dishearten'd, humbled, and alone,  
 The Gaul, ashame'd to yield, is left  
 Without a mate, without a hope,  
 With Britons on the brine to cope,  
 Where none but they, none, none but they,  
 Can bear the brunt, and win the day,  
 When, one and t' other,  
 The tatter'd flags are shot to rags,  
 Another and another.

This knew the subtle Gaul, and said:   *His crafty speech*  
 —(The first lieutenant 's captain now)—           *to the*  
 “ The palm, that binds the victor's head,           *Briton.*  
 “ Hath circled ne'er a nobler brow  
 “ Than thine, thou gallant Englishman !  
 “ Who, since yon climbing orb began  
 “ To lift his light, in dauntless fight,  
 “ Hast singly fac'd the triple might  
 “ Of one and t' other,  
 “ That 'gainst thee came, and put to shame  
 “ Another and another.

“ Honour is satisfied ; and such  
 “ Should be the aim and end of war.

“ Be timely wise ; nor gaze too much  
 “ On Fortune's bright but blinding star.

“ Your crew is maim'd,—your ship is marr'd,—  
 “ Their limbs are lopp'd,—her decks are bar'd,—  
 “ Yet will I, for your valour's sake,  
 “ No more the ocean-echoes wake,  
 “ But, one and t' other,  
 “ In sign of peace, my guns shall cease,  
 “ Another and another ! ”—

“ In justice to my faithful tars— *The Briton's reply.*  
 “ In justice to the debt I owe  
 “ Their present wounds and former scars,  
 “ I dare not slur my duty so.

“ Their fame and blood, thus balk'd and spilt,  
 “ Would feel and weigh like shame and guilt,  
 “ For I to my poor fellows all  
 “ Am pledg'd to conquer or to fall,  
 “ And one or t' other  
 “ My jackets blue shall see me do  
 “ As ready as another.

“ And if e'en now my silent guns  
 “ Prolong this awful armistice,  
 “ 'Tis solely for yon drowning Dons,  
 “ By sheer misfortune brought to this.  
 “ Albeit to Denmark, Spain, and France  
 “ (Be quick there with your creeping launch !)  
 “ They bade me strike, who never struck,  
 “ (Why can't ye reach him with the hook,  
 “ The one or t' other ?)  
 “ I cannot bear to see them there—  
 “ (Hurrah ! my boys !—another ! ”)—

While thus, as generous as brave,                    *The British crew*  
 The Britons ply the anxious oar, *assist the drowning*  
 And strain their every nerve to save                    *Spaniards.*  
 Whom Valour counts for foes no more—  
 While thus, unguarded, from aloft  
 The chief o'erlooks the busy craft,  
 As through the floating wreck she steers,  
 And adds new vigour by his cheers  
 To one and t' other,  
 That snatch beneath from watery death  
 Another and another—

The Frenchman, counsell'd to the deed *The Frenchman's*

By Opportunity (the fiend, *treachery.*

That tempts us, in the hour of need,

—The arch-deceiver of the mind—)

With signals, rapid and unheard,

First motions to his crew to board,

Then opens on the British oak

The unexpected thunderstroke,

As, one and t' other,

His guns resume their deep 'boom-boom,'

Another and another.

Like rushing hounds, no more at fault

That hem the wild boar in his shade,

Or Indians, in a night-assault,

That leap the settler's barricade,

With headlong haste and whooping din *The British ship*

The Frenchman threw his boarders in, *boarded by the*

And on the deck made fierce attack, *Frenchman.*

With numbers, shouting at his back,

The one to t' other,

“ The day 's our own ! hew, hew 'em down !

“ Another and another ! ”—

To turn his head—to grasp his steel—  
“ All hands on board ! ” to loudly cry—  
To make the coward Frenchman reel,  
Who wove that web of treachery,  
And bay them with his very eyes,  
That thus had ta’en him by surprise,  
Was the first moment’s deed—the next  
Beheld the Captain sore perplex’d  
By one and t’ other,  
That sought his life, with fury rife,  
Another and another.

“ Surrender ! ”—“ Never ! ”—“ Cut him down ! ”— *The*  
And straight he fell, like any log ! *British Captain*  
(Since what alas ! could he alone ?) *struck down.*  
—“ No quarter for that English dog ! ”—  
A pike, a pistol, and a dirk  
Would now have done their murderous work,  
But for three faithful fellows, who  
Themselves before their Captain threw,  
Till, one and t’ other,  
His scatter’d men the deck regain,  
Another and another.

So fiercely rag'd the battle-storm  
By where the bleeding hero lay,  
That none could find a leisure arm  
To bear him from the hot affray !  
And there beneath a pile of dead  
His gallant spirit must have fled,  
Had not our wounded (such as might  
Have left the cockpit for the fight,  
And, one and t' other,  
Convey'd relief, and sav'd the Chief,  
Another and another.

The crew, that in his parting cheer  
Conceiv'd they heard the last hurrah  
Of one, so honour'd and so dear,  
—The friend—the father of each tar—  
And hail'd the signal of that sound *Indignation of*  
To yield the foe no inch of ground, *his crew.*  
But keep their post till all was lost  
Or won, no matter for the cost  
To one or t' other,  
Combin'd their ire, like wind and fire,  
Another and another!

The crashing spar, the tumbling mast,  
The smacking rope, the splitting sail,  
The yawning, heaving, weltering waste,  
Be things to turn the landsman pale ;  
Yet what are e'en such sights as they  
But elements at harmless play,  
Compar'd to scenes, where men at strife,  
Like gamblers, stake their lavish life,  
The one 'gainst t' other,  
And fell Revenge and Hate estrange  
Each bosom from its brother ?

Such awful scene presented then  
Th' arena of the British deck,  
Whose bubbling scuppers redly ran  
With streams, which who was there to check ?  
And twice that deck, so deeply dyed,  
Was trampled o'er, from side to side, *The final struggle.*  
By stubborn feet, ere Vict'ry there  
Her final fiat would declare  
To one or t' other,  
With shout or yell, that cheer'd or fell,  
Another and another.

At last, his numbers thinn'd by slaughter,  
 The Gaul, no longer equal now      *The Frenchman*  
 To face the Briton, sued for quarter,      *begs for quarter* ;  
     But vain was his request, for how      *but in vain*.  
 Could they, whose wounds were flowing yet,  
 Their wrath forego, their wrongs forget ?  
 —But let the rest be unconfess'd,  
 Unask'd, untold, unheard, unguess'd  
     Of one or t' other,  
 Save *his* stern fate, that serv'd to sate  
     Another and another.

The coxswain, in that wild affray,  
 (For mercy in revenge was lost,      *Fate of the*  
 Soon as his chief was borne away,)      *Frenchman*.  
 By many a vague endeavour cross'd,  
 The sculking Frenchman seiz'd at length,  
 And dragg'd him with a giant's strength,  
 Where as in two his sword he broke,  
 Of good or ill no word he spoke,  
     The one nor t' other,  
 Till on the wave a glance he gave,  
     Another and another.

“ Look there ! ” and lo ! the Frenchman’s dark  
Eye trac’d beside the Spanish keel  
The grinning visage of a shark  
—He saw, and shook from head to heel !

“ Disown’d alike of land and sea,  
“ Nor there nor here your grave shall be,  
“ But in those jaws, d’ye see, because  
“ Ye ’ve mock’d at Honour’s holy laws,  
“ And, one and t’ other,  
“ Your foes would fain have basely slain,  
“ Another and another.

“ Then chalk your log up ; for as true  
“ As Heav’n’s above and Hell’s below,  
“ Yon shark, without no more ado,  
“ Shall take your coward hulk in tow !

“ And ye shall gorge with dainty cheer  
“ That glutton of the brine, Mounseer !  
“ Ay ! every limb, ye ’ll suit a grim  
“ And hungry Alderman like him !  
“ With one and t’ other,  
“ He ’s berths enow away to stow  
“ Another and another ! ”—

As savage as the coxswain's wit  
The laughter of his hearers rose,  
Who coarsely vied to season it  
With the harsh comments of their oaths.  
Deaf to his victim's shrill despair  
And unintelligible pray'r,  
The sailor only cried " Avast ! "  
As o'er the rail the wretch he cast,  
Where, one and t' other,  
The gory streaks succeed the shrieks,  
Another and another !

'Tis finish'd ! and the storm is still'd ! *Close of the fight.*  
While, fraught with many a strange event,  
By courage and by chance fulfill'd,  
The Briton's bold presentiment  
Hath come to pass ! For e'er the Sun  
His glorious golden round hath run,  
Of all, that hail'd the morning breeze,  
No flag is flying there but his,  
But, one and t' other,  
To force or luck they each have struck,  
Another and another !

And he, whose dauntless daring soul  
Was father to that prophecy,  
Not yet hath reach'd the gloomy goal  
Of life—not yet is doom'd to die.  
Though wan and weary, sick and faint,  
With loss of blood and anguish spent,  
'Tis but Death's mimic shadow pale,  
Which Suffering throws o'er them that ail,  
For, one and t' other,  
To Death we 're nigh, long ere we die,  
Another and another.

The Moon upon a sylvan scene,  
Where, noiseless as the serpent glides,  
The shining river winds between,  
And 's boat the lonely fisher guides  
Beneath the dark and ruin'd tow'r,  
Whose floating image rises o'er  
The cliff, within the wave reflected,  
As sever'd now, and now connected,  
The one from t' other  
The shadows run, or melt in one,  
Another and another,

Is a most lovely sight, I wis,  
But oh! the Moon upon the Deep!  
What loveliness can vie with this,  
The oily Ocean's starry sleep?  
The mighty Ocean, sire of storms,  
Like Sampson in Dalilah's arms!  
The level Ocean, void of motion,  
The drowsy winds his poppy'd potion,  
That, one and t' other,  
Since close of day have died away,  
Another and another!

The scene was such, and such the hour, *The British dead*  
When down the cold and solemn wave committed to  
The kill'd their weeping messmates low'r, *the Deep.*  
Their field of fame become their grave!  
And passing sad it was to view  
The many dead—the living few—  
The tears, that came without command,  
Brush'd off with hard and horny hand,  
As, one and t' other,  
Each briny fount was seen to mount,  
Another and another.

A rude and not unsuited hymn     *The following Dirge sung*  
(They say 'twas by the Chaplain writ)     *over them.*  
Compos'd the simple requiem  
    Of those, that oft had chaunted it !  
From voices, harsh by Nature made,  
And harsher by their ocean-trade,  
Rough as the surge its tenour ran,  
Half meant for God and half for Man,  
    As, one and t' other,  
Their battles ended, the dead descended,  
    Another and another !

## THE DIRGE.

“ From all they lov'd as boys  
“ —The strong tide flowing—  
“ — The deck and all its joys—  
“ The stiff breeze blowing—

“ From all they priz'd as men—  
“ The storm—the fray—and then  
“ The fray—the storm—again—  
“ The dead are going !

“ From all, that made their life—  
“ The good ship, ploughing  
“ Through seas at roaring strife  
“ With tempests blowing—  
“ From fight, where they prevail'd—  
“ From foes, that 'neath 'em quail'd—  
“ From friends, with whom they sail'd—  
“ The dead are going !

“ Calm as yon midnight Moon  
“ Is the deep Stormer ;  
“ Hush, then, each idle groan,  
“ Men should be firmer !

“ Though there their life was led,  
“ Though there their blood was shed,  
“ Mark how he greets his dead,  
“ Without a murmur !

“ Low, low, and lower down,  
“ Fathom on fathom,  
“ Ocean doth hail his own,  
“ Yes ! the Deep hath 'em !  
“ Yet there, yea ! even there,  
“ Watch'd by HIS waking care,  
“ Seen of their GOD they are  
“ In every chasm !

“ And, as their bodies shall  
“ Mount to the billow,  
“ When the tenth morn shall call  
“ Them from their pillow,

“ So, at the day of doom,  
“ HE to its native home  
“ Shall bid each soul to come  
“ Up like its fellow.”

---

ON WITNESSING THE INTERMENT OF A FEMALE PAUPER, IN  
THE BURIAL-GROUND OF THE MIDDLESEX LUNATIC  
ASYLUM, HANWELL.

---

'Tis better thus, thou poor unfortunate !  
Better, the body's functions too should cease  
For ever like the mind's, gone long ago,  
Than linger on to breathe the wretched breath  
Of yonder beings, late thy fellows in  
This crowded home of void fatuity.  
Yea ! better is it, sunken, as thou wert,  
Down to the worm already, that the worm  
On what is left thee of humanity  
Its indiscriminating maw should glut,

Than that, as by some stupifying drug  
Bewilder'd and oppress'd, thou still shouldst creep,  
A sad somnambulist, those walls along,  
Where none another knows—for what he is.  
In other ills companionship is found,  
But self-absorbing Madness in the midst  
Of madness is alone—all, all alone.  
The sailor, cast upon a desert shore,  
Dew for his drink, and berries for his food,  
The earth his hammock, curtain'd by the copse,  
Whose ragged bushes but let in the wind,  
Some solace gathers for his misery  
In hardship at his side.—The widow, whom  
The whelming wave hath made such, in her woe  
Hies to some sister in calamity  
To wail together o'er the cruel surge  
And savage flood.—The childless mother seeks  
Some childless mother's bosom, where to lay  
Her desolate head, her heavy loss compare,  
Ask sigh for sigh, and answer sob for sob.

These have some point of union in distress—  
Some mournful rendezvous—some trysting-place—  
Some nest of sorry comfort in the rock—  
But Madness is alone—all, all alone!—  
And thou, poor witless captive, as thou wast,  
The prisoner of imbecility,  
And one of many solitary things,  
Estrang'd and unconnected as the rest,  
Didst pace (the paroxysm gone again)  
Thy listless gallery from end to end,  
From hour to hour, dreaming—thou knew'st not what—  
Moving—thou knew'st not whither nor for why—  
Till vacancy grew weary of itself,  
And sued for occupation, when old habit  
Stood in the stead of reason, as the hand  
Mechanically plied its former task,  
Doing its work, like any other wheel.  
But ah! what burning plough-shares had the mind,  
In the ordeal of its agony,  
Shriek'd over until then! What searing thoughts

Had eat their parching way into the heart,  
And dried it up to black and bitter dust!—  
But where the spark to this devouring flame,  
That kindled to combustion? Who can tell?  
Perchance 'twas Love, whose friction with the soul,  
Like touchwood rubb'd together, did emit  
The scintillating heat, that, catching quick  
The straws of an uneducated mind,  
Soon fasten'd on its weeds, by Passion fed,  
—By Passion unrequited or ill-starr'd—  
Till all was either suffocating smoke  
Or gusty fire.—Perchance 'twas Jealousy,  
Whose piercing fang infus'd into thy veins  
The venom of its bite, till, stung to wrath,  
Thou ragedst like a storm, whose lightnings were  
Worthy Medea, when the flash of hell  
Shot from her eyes, far brighter than the steel,  
That sore aveng'd upon their butcher'd babes  
The husband's insult to a slighted wife.—  
Perchance it was Remorse, that thou, the child

Of humble honesty, shouldst e'er have led  
Disgrace unto its hearth, and thus have cloth'd  
A father's limbs with sackcloth, and have strew'd  
A mother's head with ashes, and brought down  
Their last grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.—  
Perchance 'twas Pride and vying Vanity—  
The vulgar resolution to outdress—  
(That common curse of Woman, high or low)  
Which lur'd thee on, by mischievous degrees,  
Till show and sin, display and vice were one !  
And then, blaspheming Boldness in the van,  
Thyself the tawdry centre of thy guilt,  
Disease and Infamy, on either wing,  
Red Drunkenness brought up the reeling rear,  
Where Madness lay in ambush, and leap'd out.—  
Perchance—but why the mournful guess pursue ?  
Suffice, that thou, amid those sadd'ning cells  
And crazy air, didst dream—and dream—and dream,  
Till nothing real was but Death alone !—  
Suffice, that thou, without a home, a friend,

Or one poor partner of thy nameless blood,  
By alien hands to alien hands consign'd,  
Wast thither borne, awhile to ramp and rave,  
And, after, of Life's melancholy glass  
To mope the few remaining sands away.—  
Suffice, that thou, whate'er thou *mayst* have felt,  
Canst feel no more. In this impassive spot,  
Shall ache nor anguish trouble thee again!—  
Then let not thy indignant spirit grieve,  
That friends nor weeping relatives be here  
To sepulchre thy clay, but, in their stead,  
Two craz'd assistants, and the Man of Pray'r,  
And I below, and yonder lark above,  
(One with a tear, the other with a song)  
Have seen thee to the sod. No, never let  
Thy spirit, soaring higher than the lark,  
Unthankfully repine, but bless with me  
The charitable care, that daily spread  
A table in thy wilderness of mind,  
And smooth'd the nightly pillow for thy brow.

Yea ! let thy spirit, for a time unspher'd,  
Descend and hallow with its benisons  
The tender-hearted wisdom, which, in lieu  
Of scourge and chain and dayless dungeon, bade  
The shrub to flourish and the flow'r to bloom,  
That so the brain, by Man unsettled, might  
By soothing Nature haply be refix'd.  
Yet not alone, no, not alone the air,  
The earth, the sky without, and cleanliness  
Within, to thee were open, but the voice,  
The look, the action of humanity,  
Remonstrance without ire, and rule without  
Abuse, were added to the chance of health.—  
And, more than all, oh ! let thy spirit bless  
\* That ROYAL aid, that QUEENLY sympathy,

\* In allusion to 'THE ADELAIDE FUND'—a charity, well worthy of its name,—*originated*, I believe, but, at all events, most essentially *promoted*, by Colonel Clitherow,— a gentleman, who, with every inducement to indulge in the '*otium cum dignitate*,' and pass the remainder of his respectable life in retirement, chooses, on the contrary, by his able and active habits of business, to show himself unweariedly

Still mindful of the meanest, which, had Heav'n  
Repair'd thy shatter'd sense, in pity would  
On the world's waste have furnish'd thee a port,  
A temporary whereabout to look  
Around thee, ere it swallow'd thee anew,  
When thou, from sheer necessity, not choice,  
With help, nor hope, nor means, nor character,  
Must in the same abyss again have sunk,  
But not again to drift on such a shore !

'useful in his generation.'—Quite unconnected, as I am, {with that serviceable member of society, I have only the greater pleasure in bearing this independent testimony to (for, living in the same neighbourhood, I cannot be ignorant of) his public and private claims to consideration and esteem.

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ON VISITING

‘THE VICTORY,’

HIS MAJESTY'S FLAG-SHIP, LYING IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

1834.

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Thou, of no lying name,—The Victory !  
The winner of four battles on the brine,  
And sovereign of all, that round thee lie,  
—The sons and daughters of the mighty line,—  
How grand to muse upon a race like thine,  
And on thy decks of glory to have stood,  
And there have hail'd thy ‘royal right divine,’  
Anointed, as thou wast, with Nelson’s blood,  
Acknowleg’d by the winds, and homag’d by the flood !

In queenly guise—while others come and go,  
Or near thy presence for a summons wait  
To plough the vasty waters to and fro,—  
Thou keepest still thy stationary state,  
And dost, with dignity, forestall the date  
Of laying up thy timbers from the breeze,  
For thee thy years not superannuate,  
But Albion pensions with the flag of ease  
The champion of her ships—the saviour of her seas.

And shame it were, that thou, from such a height,  
Shouldst ever stoop to qualify and mar  
Thy triumphs with a brawl, or deign to fight  
Against the ignoramuses of war,  
With whom to cope were to succumb as far  
As striking to the Frenchman would have been—  
Yea ! shame it were to sink from Trafalgar  
Down to a squabble with the Algerine,  
Or soil thy laurels in the smoke of Navarin.

No, not for thee in scuffles to engage  
 With Dey or Sultan, Arab or the Turk.  
 To lash the felon—strife at times to wage  
 With slaves—is well—but not a monarch's work.  
 As Philip's son disdain'd within the cirque  
 With aught but kings for kingdoms to compete,  
 So thou, as regally, shouldst scorn to jerk  
 The glove before such rivals, as would meet  
 Less foil in thy success, than thou in their defeat—

No, not for thee, whose Bronté\*-bearing oak  
 The Lord of Thunder to the pealing fray  
 Transported like a steed, that spurn'd the yoke  
 Of Gaul, and whose great rider, in dismay,  
 Scar'd her bold eagle from the wave away,  
 To trail its bleeding pinion on the shore,  
 And limit to the land its lust of prey,  
 When he, awakening the cannon's roar,  
 Went bounding o'er the deep, to conquer as before—

\* "He was fond of his Sicilian title: the signification, perhaps, pleased him;—  
 "Duke of Thunder was what in Dahomy would be called a strong name; it was to a  
 "sailor's taste; and, certainly, to no man could it ever be more applicable."

No, not for thee to quit this pale of rest,  
 This briny mead, this paddock of the main,  
 Old charger of the elements, and breast  
 The shock of their united strength again,  
 Or climb, with daring keel, the stormy reign  
 Of sky-insulting billows, heard afar,—  
 No, not for thee to leave this quiet plain,  
 To whose repose thy just pretensions are,  
 Toulon—the Hieres—St. Vincent—Trafalgar.

Art thou, with many memories so rife,  
 Art thou, indeed, a thing without a thought ?  
 A mere machine ? a mass, devoid of life ?  
 Insensible ? with not a feeling fraught ?  
 It cannot be :\* thou surely must have caught  
 Some gleam of soul, some flash of sympathy,  
 Of and for him, who such conceptions brought  
 To being here, and died when done, or why  
 These consecrated planks—ah ! wherefore should they cry

\* Though the universality, so to speak, of "Southey's Life of Nelson" would seem to render them superfluous, I cannot—standing, as it were, on the threshold of my poor poetical version of its sublimely simple close,—let slip the opportunity of gladly

“ Stop ! for thou treadest where a hero trod !  
“ Then pause and ponder on this hallow'd deck,  
“ Where man was made the instrument of God  
“ To curb ambition, and its schemes to check,  
“ As Buonaparté's star became a speck,  
“ Jeer'd by the sea, and laugh'd at by the show'r  
“ Of shotted fire, that left his fleet a wreck,  
“ For Freedom, shy of military pow'r,  
“ To England had assign'd the Ocean for a dow'r.

“ Happy, at least, to walk these boards once more,  
“ More happy still, once more to face the foe,  
“ And sick of self, and angry with the shore,  
“ The sum of his emotions who can know,  
“ As, pacing up and down, and to and fro,  
“ He stole from war some bitter moments brief  
“ To match the present with the long ago ?  
—“ The joy of pure affection with the grief  
“ Of love without respect, that ach'd without relief,

and gratefully owning my obligations to that master-piece of biography, whose spirit-stirring narrative, from first to last, thrills one like the sound of a trumpet.

“ Save from the tomb, where Death was on the watch,  
“ Not with his eye of customary stone,  
“ Nor hand of usual apathy, to snatch  
“ Britannia’s blind, but single-hearted son  
“ From the worse grasp of witching Hamilton !  
“ And therefore had he cast the fatal ball,  
“ Against the coming battle should be won,  
“ And bade him wear his proud insignia all,  
“ That what had urg’d his rise might stimulate his fall !

“ Stop ! for thou standest where a hero fell !  
“ Then pause and ponder on this motto’d brass,  
“ Which, here inlaid, imparts too clearly well  
“ A sadder meaning to these words alas !  
“ Than when, like wildfire, spreading in the grass,  
“ ‘ ENGLAND EXPECTS EACH MAN TO DO HIS DUTY ’  
“ To all her men a winged warning was,  
“ That never would she see her home of beauty,  
“ Her altars, and her hearths, a pillage and a booty.

“ And thus the combat join’d, the fight began,  
“ With confident huzzas and stirring cheers,  
“ As soon as that pervading signal ran  
“ From ship to ship, and, filling France with fears,  
“ Its fiat sounded in her conscious ears,  
“ Contending, as she was, in such a cause,  
“ Where Glory no indemnifying tears  
“ Vouchsafes the dead, nor where the patriot draws  
“ A sword in the defence of country, king, and laws.

“ Of numbers, dropping round him, as the corn  
“ Beneath the sickle in the harvest-time,  
“ *These* to the deep, and *those* below are borne,  
“ Some in their autumn, some their summer’s prime,  
“ And some cut off by their sharp April’s rime.  
“ Too fierce to last, the storm will overblow  
“ Ere yonder bells shall strike another chime,  
—“ But hark! what means that sudden cry of woe?  
“ ’Tis Nelson of the Nile!—he said it would be so.

“ See ! the red life is ebbing from his breast,  
“ Yet weep not—kneel not—on his face to look,  
“ But bear him to the cock-pit with the rest,  
“ In character with one, who never took  
“ Advantage of his station, nor could brook  
“ The prior claimant of a shatter’d limb  
“ Should suffer unattended in his nook,  
“ And care be lavish’d only upon *him*,  
“ Whose sight—and sound—and sense—are dizzy—dull—  
and dim.

“ Again ! again ! again ! another tier  
“ Of many-bolted vengeance from the guns  
“ Of England, and another ’nother cheer !  
“ Another trophy, wrested from the Dons !  
“ Another flag, from Gallia’s striking sons !  
“ ‘ *Call Hardy hither.*’—Hardy’s on his knees.—  
“ ‘ *The day ?*—‘ *Our own.*’—‘ *Then anchor, and at once.*’—  
“ ‘ *But Collingwood*’—‘ *So long as God may please,*  
“ ‘ *Shall none but Nelson act for Nelson on the seas.*

“ ‘ *Do you then anchor?*’—And, so saying, he  
“ Strove hard to quit his pallet, but in vain—  
“ His hours were number’d, and it might not be.—  
“ ‘ *I’m dying, Hardy! and this vital pain*  
—“ ‘ *Ah! would it were at peace! and yet I fain*  
“ ‘ *Would see the close!—Oh! ever true and tried!*  
“ ‘ *Ne’er bury your old messmate in the main,*  
“ ‘ *To be forgotten of its careless tide,*  
“ ‘ *But where my mother sleeps, and by my father’s side—*

“ ‘ *Unless my king this service-beaten frame—*  
—“ ‘ *This worn-out cover of the inward man—*  
“ ‘ *Should wish to moulder in some niche of fame.*’  
“ (And here a gleam of fine assurance ran  
“ Across his lineaments, as though his span  
“ Had well been fill’d. Then said he with a sigh,)  
“ ‘ *May Heav’n forgive my errors as it can!*  
“ ‘ *I’ve sinn’d, I hope, not much.—But, Hardy, I*  
“ ‘ *Am wrong to keep you here.—God bless you! and Good-Bye!*

“ ‘ *Kiss me.*’—And Hardy over him did bend,  
    “ With heart too full for anything but breaking,  
“ And kiss’d the hueless forehead of his friend,  
    “ Just as a woman would, her last leave taking  
    “ With loving lips, that lack the pow’r of making  
“ Other adieu—but Sorrow has no sex.—  
    “ ‘ *So cureless is my hurt, so deadly aching,*  
“ ‘ *’Twere better to have linger’d on the deck’s*  
“ ‘ *Congenial bed than where its viewless triumphs vex*  
  
“ ‘ *My unconducive end with vague suspense.*’  
    “ (And now his voice grew gradually low,  
“ For death was nigh at hand.)—‘ *’Twas too intense*  
    “ ‘ *To last . . . . A few short minutes—and I go.*  
    “ ‘ *My watch is out: this flutter tells me so.—*  
“ ‘ *May England recollect the dear bequest*  
    “ ‘ *Of Nelson to his country, that will know*  
“ ‘ *Me by-and-bye!—Whatever else may rest*  
“ ‘ *In judgment against me—to her—to her at least—*

“ ‘ *I’ve done my duty!* ’—Thus his spirit pass’d,  
“ On other tops the British bunting flying,  
“ Still anxious for his country to the last.—  
“ And now that he is on his pallet lying,  
“ Dead to the dead, the wounded, and the dying,  
“ Let Charity pay up her long arrears,  
“ And humanly reflect, with Pity vying,  
“ That, if upon his name one blot appears,  
“ He only was a man, and wash it out with tears.”—

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ON HEARING,  
THAT  
'THE VICTORY'  
WAS DEGRADED TO A SHIP IN ORDINARY, AND A SUBALTERN  
EVEN THERE!

1836.

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WHAT! can old England—She, whose glorious birth  
—Her sire the ocean, and her dam the earth—  
To Liberty assign'd a future home,  
Or when her skiffless savages should roam  
Her wilderness of woods, with bow in hand,  
Or launch her earliest shallop from the strand ;  
Or when her infant navy, like a brood  
Of callow sea-birds, should essay the flood ;  
Or when, in full maturity of pow'r,  
Her white-wing'd armaments should quit the shore,  
With rushing keel, and onward-pressing sail,  
To beat the billow, and out-fly the gale—

Can She—the ancient offspring of the brine,  
With kindred nature, proof against decline,  
So nerv'd with ships, with mariners so brac'd,  
To rule for ever the eternal waste  
Of waves, that freely come and freely go,  
Yet, at her bidding, all but ebb and flow—  
Can She—endow'd and homag'd by the main,  
Whose commerce pours its tributary rain  
Of gold, from east and west, and north and south,  
Discharging millions at each lavish mouth—  
Can She—the crown, upon whose island-brow,  
Was set by Drake, by Jarvis, and by Howe,  
And jewell'd with the richest gems of war  
By Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar—  
—Can England, grateful as she *ought* to be,  
Thus treat a good old servant of the sea ?  
Thus spit upon desert, and slight the Victory ?—

What ! She—my country—can, oh, *can* she view  
That staff without a flag, where *Nelson's* flew ?

And where, with once-commiserating hand,

*Her own* she wedded to its widow'd stand ?

Can She—induc'd by despicable pelf

To sink alike her heroes and herself—

Can She—the inconsistent and the cold—

This barbarous apostacy behold ?

Abjure the earnest sympathy she gave ?

Recant the compliment she paid the brave ?

And live, on foreign lips, the Vandal of the wave ?—

• 'Tis true, 'tis pity : pity 'tis, 'tis true.'

Without a flag, without a captain too,

And shame instead of station on her prow,

The Royal Victory waits for orders now !—

But grant her superannuated oak

Too crazy to abide the tempest-stroke—

Her calibre too small—her hull too low—

To stand the metal of a modern foe—

Her planks are surely strong enough to bear

The harbour-hurricane, that fusses there ;

Or say she seek the thunderbolted fray  
To wrestle with her rivals—where are they ?—

There *was* a time, caparison'd for fight,  
She sniff'd the coming combat with delight,  
With Bronté on her back, and champing stood,  
And flung about the foam, and paw'd the flood,  
And pranc'd upon its plain, in eager rage  
To gallop o'er its mountains, and engage !—  
There *was* a time, when, shocking with the pride  
Of Spain and Gaul,—a fleet on either side,—  
She gloried in the odds, and fac'd the field,  
With stern resolve to—anything but yield !—  
There *was* a time, when, stricken from his seat,  
O'erthrown by death, but never by defeat,  
That bleeding Bronté writh'd upon her back,  
And, tumbling, stain'd it with a gory track !—  
There *was* a time—no matter—it is past—  
And the old charger's grown *too* old at last !

But rather than condemn her to the stud  
Of those subservient hacks upon the flood,  
Go, England, go—and calculate the pounds—  
And cut the carcase up, and sell it for the hounds !

"Tis but a hulk, whose unimpassion'd wood,  
Like England, *cannot* feel—*But England should !*

Mother of Britons ! Mistress of the World !  
Before thy sea-born standard was unfurl'd,  
This insufficient orb was overrun  
By Alexander, King of Macedon—  
—(The Buonaparté of a luckier star,  
Who met no Nelson on his path of war !—)  
How acted *he*, (nay, laugh not at the deed !)  
When the deep dart had pierc'd his gallant steed,  
That, sweating blood, still feebly-forward reel'd,  
Too faithful to betray him to the field,  
Insur'd from peril his imperial trust,  
Then heav'd one mighty groan, and plung'd upon the dust ?

—The *Monarch* rais'd a city to the *horse*,  
And call'd that city—what? *Bucephalus*!

When 'Copenhagen'—(England! mark the name :  
Its sound alone should wake the blush of shame !)—  
When 'Copenhagen'—he, that gaily through  
The dangers and the deaths of Waterloo,  
From day-break to the setting of the sun,  
In safety bore unwounded Wellington,  
Though fell his men as fast as sickled corn,  
And many as the tears the morrow-morn—  
When 'Copenhagen' in his pale of rest  
No more could range ; no more could be caress'd ;  
No more could turn his still-inquiring eye,  
Too dim with age to know his master by ;  
Nor winny at his voice ; nor stretch his head ;  
Affectionately prais'd, or fondly fed—  
—When time had laid the fine old creature low,  
Were all *his* services forgotten ? no.

That Wellington might shine—yea! even here— }  
And let the soldier touchingly appear, }  
And give, at parting, the accustom'd cheer, }  
*Since ease nor care the veteran could save,* }  
He us'd him like a brother of the brave, }  
And fir'd a last salute above his charger's grave! }

THE END.

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